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THE BYSTANDER

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APRIL 1904 No 1 SIXPENCE NET

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Art Literature & the Drama.

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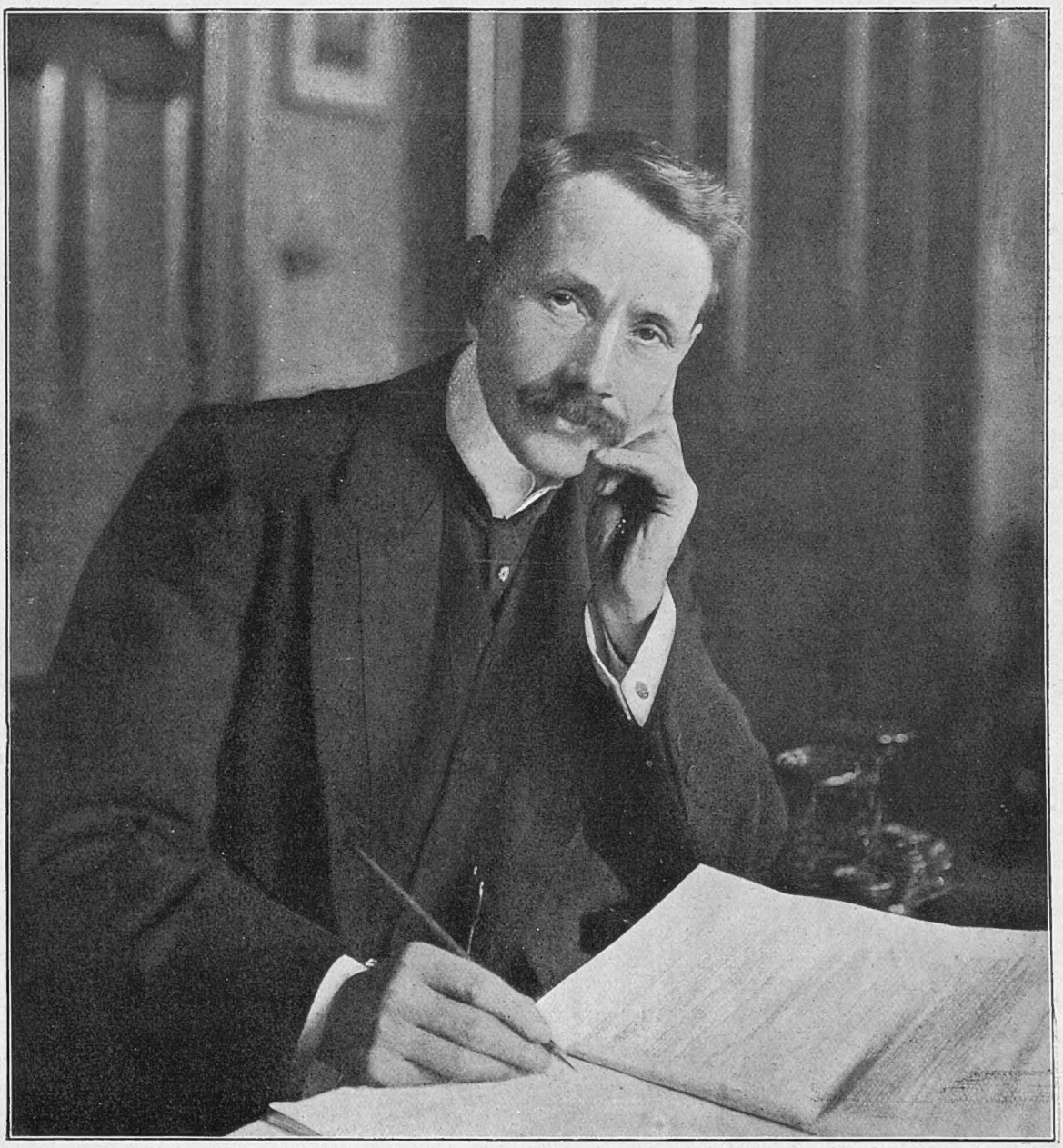


Photo by *Haines*

Mr. John Williams Benn, the New Chairman of the London County Council

Mr. Benn Has Sat on the Council Since its Beginning, and Has Always Been One of its Most Notable Figures. His Principal Work Has Been Done as Chairman of the General Purposes and the Highways Committee

The Bystander in Parliament

The question which is exciting the little group of Parliamentary experts known as the *ad hoc quidnuncs* is—When will the General Election come? At such a time each man who is not entirely lost to all sense of self-respect and decency scorns to say, "I don't know." Whatever happens the expert sees in the incident some dark and significant connection with this event. If a Minister answers a question in the negative, the quidnunc says that that proves his case. If the answer is in the affirmative the result is just the same, and if the Minister refuses to answer at all —well, that proves that the knowing one was right all the time.

Apart from these gentlemen, there is the average man — that worthy private member whose lot in Parliamentary life may be summed up in one line of Goldsmith and two of myself:

> Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
> He cheers his leaders, or he cries "Oh, oh,"
> And sometimes voteth "Aye," and sometimes "No."

I have asked several worthy private members to tell me when the General Election will arrive, but I have had no very precise reply. Some say of the Government that it may last for years and it may last for ever; others declare that the appeal to the people is coming, like Christmas. A third school of thought favours betting about it, while some men on both sides, who know just as little as the others, go about with mysterious nods saying "Our lips are sealed."

It is possible sometimes to grasp all the potentialities of the situation by observing signs and portents which cannot be supposed to have any direct or obvious political significance. Some years ago I remember a crisis when members were scampering about the lobbies saying "The Government cannot last a week" —nobody knew why, but the phrase passed from mouth to mouth. I have always flattered myself that I averted a panic on that occasion, for it happened that one afternoon a drunken loafer just outside Palace Yard hustled a most experienced member of Parliament, and demanded a light for his pipe. The member gave the man in charge and had him fined.

The inexperienced reader may see nothing in that —but the whole situation was revealed to me as in a flash. It showed that no election was at hand. No experienced member would have acted in that way just before an appeal to the people—he would rather have grasped the ruffian by the hand and hailed him as a man and a brother. I pointed this out to several members who had been getting excited—gentlemen on both sides who were drawing up election addresses promising to see that the millennium should begin at once if not sooner—and they saw the force of my remark. In this way I saved these members a good deal of expense—though I have never received—— [The Editor cannot allow this column to be used for the purposes of begging.]

I am anxious not to mislead the earnest politician, but I have observed signs of late that have made me uneasy. We all know that when Christmas is drawing near the railway porter becomes polite and the dustman deferential. In the same way, when an election is at hand, the member becomes suspiciously pleasant. He is not only willing, but anxious, to oblige. Just at present I understand that the most casual postcard from a constituent receives a prompt and full reply. Football clubs, foreign missions, and mothers' meetings do not appeal in vain. Members are anxious that the Press should note their questions and their amendments to amendments. The merest paragraph is thankfully received by gentlemen on both sides.

The visitor in the outer lobby no longer has to kick his heels in desolation waiting for his procrastinating member, for the member hurries to see him. Almost anybody can bask in the front row of the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery just now. Members may be seen taking crowds of visitors round like the small herds of the personally-conducted tourists one sees in Paris, or bowing beaming provincial dames into the Ladies' Gallery. Now all this means something—it is not a display of pure benevolence, but is an indication of what Sir Robert Walpole called "a lively sense of future favours."

So I advise my hon. friends to get their portraits into the local papers, and to have such parts of their record as will bear examination published forthwith. No member—unless he be one of the number who think that a change may bring him the rewards and sweets of office—really welcomes a general election. It is like spring cleaning—necessary, perhaps, but a nuisance. The average member, whether his party be in or out, says, as MacMahon said at the Malakoff, *J'y suis et j'y reste*—"Here I am and here I stay." For there is much uncertainty about a General Election—the only certainty being the expense.

It may be that the reader knows some member who is not showing any signs of apprehension, and is not troubling about visitors who seek him at the House. From this it may be argued that my prognostications are wrong and unfounded. I imagine, however, that the member who shows this callous indifference will be found to be one of those gentlemen who do not mean to stand again. They can afford to enjoy that selfish but luxurious feeling experienced by the man who stands in security on the shore and watches the mariner labouring on the troubled deep. And such a display, so far from upsetting my calculations, really confirms them.

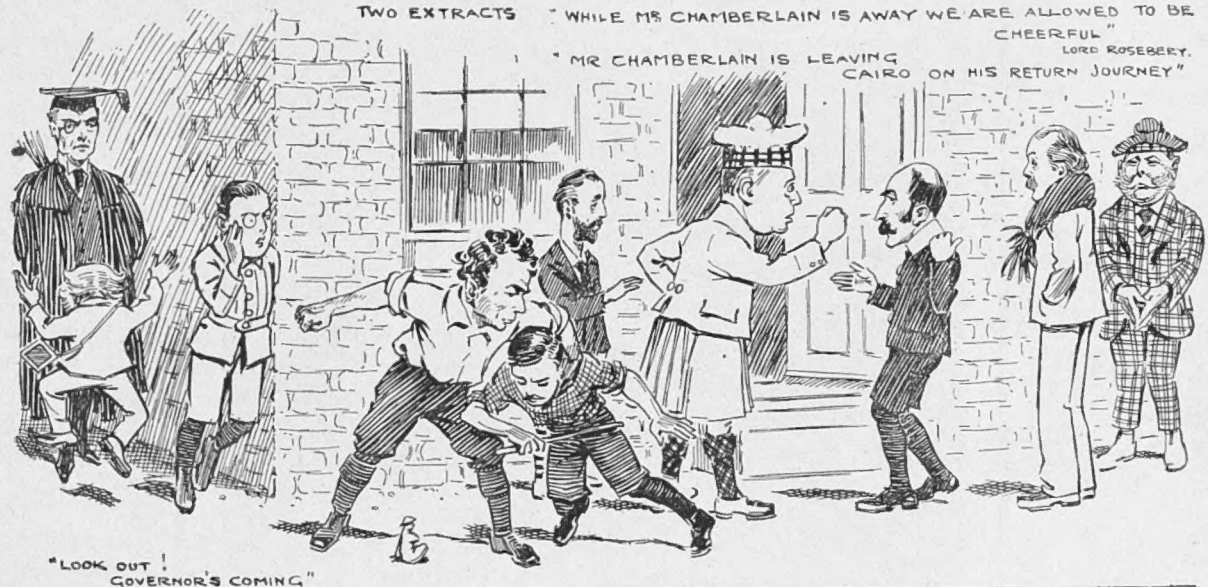
S. L. H.

The Topictator

A RUSSIAN PAPER SPEAKS OF THE WAR AS MERELY A LITTLE TEMPORARY DIFFICULTY.

TWO EXTRACTS "WHILE MR CHAMBERLAIN IS AWAY WE ARE ALLOWED TO BE CHEERFUL" LORD ROSEBERY.

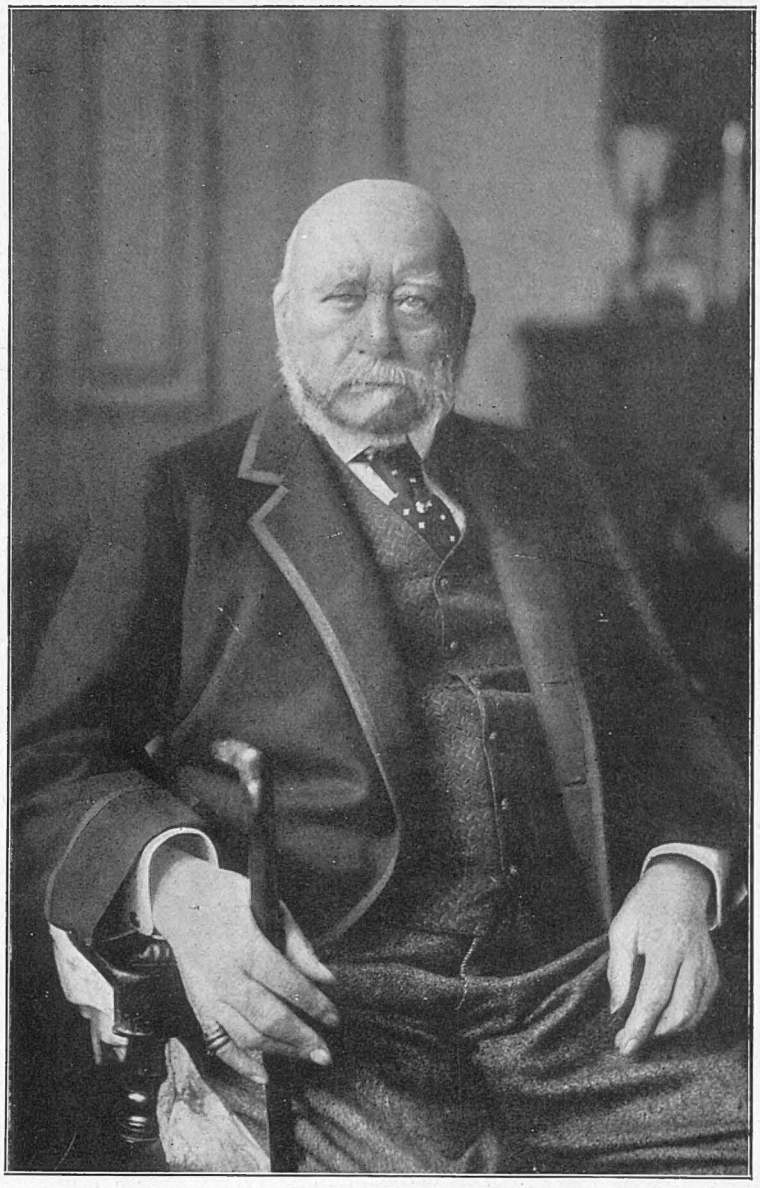
"MR CHAMBERLAIN IS LEAVING CAIRO ON HIS RETURN JOURNEY"



MR LABOUCHERE AT NORTHAMPTON "SUCH A LOT OF LIARS!"

THE DAILY NEWS CONSIDERS MR STEAD'S ENDEAVOUR AT CAPE TOWN TO STIR UP THE BITTER FEELING AGAINST ENGLAND TO BE DEPLORABLE IN THE EXTREME.

THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE

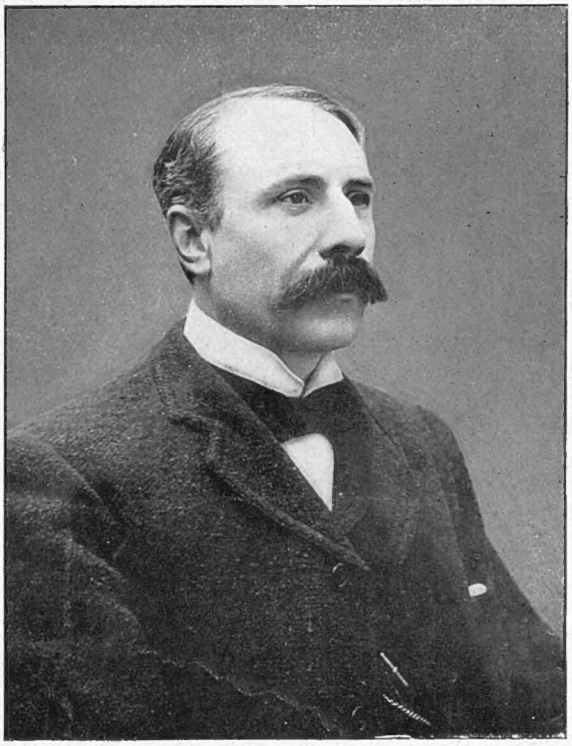


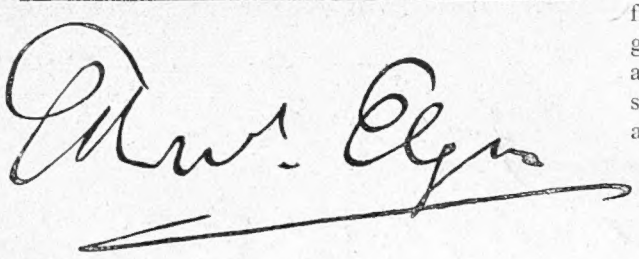
The regret felt at the death of the Duke of Cambridge will be widespread, for his popularity was undoubted. Next Saturday would have been the Duke's eighty-fifth birthday. Born four years after the battle of Waterloo, the Duke was eighteen years of age when his cousin, Queen Victoria, came to the throne. The Duke of Cambridge had been, for considerably more than half a century, a conspicuous figure in the public life of the country, but it was especially with the Army that his name was connected. He became a Colonel in the Army in 1837. In 1850 he succeeded his father, Adolphus Frederick, first Duke of Cambridge, who was a son of George III. Four years later he was raised to the rank of Major-General, on his appointment to command a division composed of brigades of Guards and Highlanders—the First Division of infantry in the army that was sent out to the Crimea. The Duke was present at the battles of the Alma, Balaclava and Inkerman, and at the last-named had his horse shot under him. Queen Victoria's Jubilee year, 1887, was also the Duke's jubilee year of service. He had, in the interval, been made a General in 1856, and a Field Marshal in 1862. The Duke was made Commander-in-Chief in 1856. His appointment was confirmed by patent, in 1887, a distinction last conferred upon the Duke of Wellington. He resigned this high office nine years ago.

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

The Elgar Festival

The Covent Garden Theatre has seen many and diverse kinds of entertainments in its time—grand opera, fancy dress balls, circus, promenade concerts, and so forth—but the performance of a work like *The Dream of Gerontius* amid the scenery used for a ball a few days before must have seemed, to many people, unique even for Covent Garden. Seldom has the theatre seen a more brilliant audience than that which gathered on the opening night. The King and Queen, with Princess Victoria and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, were present, and there was not a vacant seat anywhere in the house.





The New L.C.C. Chairman

The worthy ambition of Mr. John Williams Benn, J.P., is crowned with success by his election to the Chairmanship of the London County Council, for which body not one of its members has done more arduous, varied, or valuable work than its new head. Mr. Benn, who has sat on the Council since its beginning, and acted as Vice-Chairman for one year, has done his principal work in connection with the General Purposes and, especially, the Highways, Committees, over both of which he has presided. The tramway and general transit policy of the London County Council owes much to him. In private Mr. Benn's most notable characteristic is his mastery of the "lightning sketch," for which, during many years, he was known in all parts of the country; for he has been a most successful and widely-travelled lecturer in his day. Also he is a songster of merit. Mr. Benn, who describes himself, when called upon to do so, as a journalist, is fifty-three, and looks many years younger. He will certainly maintain the tradition of excellence he attaches to the office he is now filling.

The Duke of Teck

The Duke of Teck, who has taken up his appointment as military *attaché* for eight months, is the eldest brother of the Princess of Wales. He is a fine soldier, well meriting his country's praise, having served with distinction both in India and South Africa; The Prince is, in truth, a quiet, unassuming fellow, a thoroughly good sort, known among his intimates as "Dolly. He married Lady Margaret Grosvenor, aunt to the present Duke of Westminster, who, curiously enough, bears a strong personal likeness to her sister-in-law, the Princess of Wales. She was one of the wives who followed their husbands to the front during the late war, going to South Africa accompanied by her sisters, Lady Chesham and Lady Ormonde.

Sir William B. Richmond

It has often been remarked that the influence of the House of Commons is too strong for the average private member. However individual his type when he is first returned, the routine and the awful solemnity of the House tend to mould him into a very creditable likeness to hundreds of his fellow-members. The London County Council, on the other hand, has not such a depressing influence on character and general deportment. Of the new arrivals a Spring

Photo by *Russell*

The Duke of Teck

Who has started for Vienna to take up his post as military *attaché*

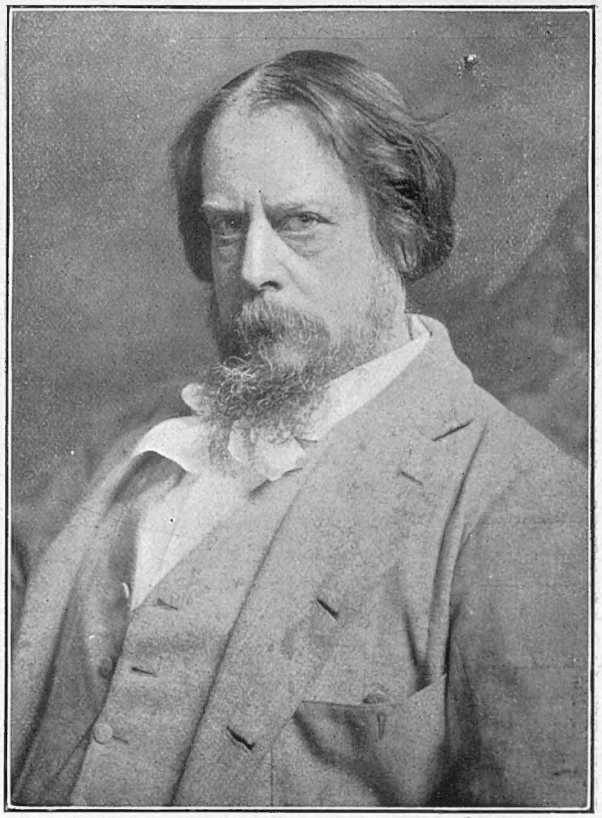


Photo by *Mills*

Sir William Richmond, R.A.

Who has been returned Alderman in the Progressive interest on the new County Council

Gardens, perhaps the most striking is Sir William B. Richmond, R.A., who has been elected Alderman The County Council have gained a most valuable worker in a field which is beginning to be recognised as worthy of any man's energies, viz. the beautification of London.

"Plum" Warner's Return

Just what will happen when Warner returns it is hard at the moment to say, though the reception he will meet with will assuredly be a hearty one. It was a happy conclusion to so successful a tour for the Englishmen to finish with a brilliant victory, though,

Photo by *Metropole Studios*

"The Mikado," as Performed by the Cardiff Operatic Society at the Theatre Royal, Cardiff, in Aid of the Local Infirmary

what is still more important, they will leave Australia amid cheers of goodwill from their opponents. In the face of former criticisms, Warner's triumph only appears the greater, and the reception of him and his men will (let us hope) wipe off all old scores. We understand that Mr. Warner is to play in another match, of a rather more serious nature than his recent ones. THE BYSTANDER joins with its readers in wishing him all luck and happiness.

Carl Syberg

The hero of a unique performance, which consisted of a 10,423-verst walk, from Vladivostock, through Manchuria, Siberia, Russia, etc., to Copenhagen, is Carl Syberg, of Stockholm,

Carl Syberg
Who has just completed a walk from Vladivostock to Copenhagen

who has lived some seventeen years in Russia and speaks Russian like a native. Syberg set out from Vladivostock on October 22, Old Style, 1902, and arrived in Copenhagen, February 15, New Style, 1904, having walked "every inch of the way." He carried about 30lb. of luggage in his knapsack, was armed with revolver and dagger and the inevitable kodak. Generally following the railway, he has passed through all the principal towns. Through the whole of Manchuria he had an escort of four Cossacks, as the country is very unsafe, on account of the marauders of the Chinese army, who, failing regular pay, are somewhat inclined to help themselves when an opportunity offers itself.

Photos by **Mr. P. F. Warner and his Fiancée, Miss Agnes Blyth** [*Tadman*

Miss Blyth is a daughter of Mr. Henry Blyth, who, during his lifetime, amassed a wonderful collection of engravings of Old Masters. At his death, the collection was sold for £26,500

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Portrait Group, Taken in Tokio, of His Excellency Viscount Hayashi and Members of his Family and Friends

Viscount Hayashi is in background to the left in Japanese dress; his son-in-law, Mr. Fukuzawa, Editor of the *Ji-Ji Shimpo*, the great Japanese daily paper, is in European dress in the background, and between them is the Viscountess Hayashi. The lady with the child in her arms is Mrs. Fukuzawa, daughter of their Excellencies. The other members of the group are children, grand-children and near friends of the Hayashi family

Copyright *reserved*

Interior of the Drawing-room at the Residence in Tokio of their Excellencies Viscount and Viscountess Hayashi

It is very unusual even yet for the Japanese to favour European furniture. The ordinary Japanese house contains no chairs or tables

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In European dress, from a photograph taken in the hall of the Japanese Legation

Co yright *reserved*

In Japanese dress, taken in Japan

Two Portraits of Miss Sono Fukuzawa, Grand-daughter of their Excellencies Viscount and Viscountess Hayashi

Copyright *reserved*

A Typical Little Japanese Girl of Good Family

Copyright] **A Family Group** *[reserved*

To the left, Viscountess Hayashi; in the centre, Mrs. Fukuzawa, her daughter; and on the right, Miss Sono Fukuzawa, her grand-daughter

PICTURES OF LIFE IN THE DISPUTED TERRITORY OF MANCHURIA

Houses in the North of Manchuria Banked with Earth as a Protection Against the Keen Winter Winds

On the Manchurian Railway: A Russian Troop Train in Mukden Station

Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, is at present Admiral Alexeieff's headquarters. It is the great fur market of Manchuria, and has a population of 260,000

Typical Station and Barracks on the Manchurian Railway. Sixty Cossacks and Railway Guards are Stationed Here

A Chinese Cart Passing Along a Manchurian "Road" in the Rainy Season

North Manchuria Suffers from Heavy Floods in the Rainy Season. Chinese Labourers Are Seen Strengthening a Railway Embankment to Resist the Rush of Water

The Main Street and Bazaar of a Manchurian Town, Showing the Russian and Chinese Flags Displayed Together

Chinese Method of Carrying Manchurian Pigs. These Pigs are the Only Animal Food Available in the Country

A Chinese Mandarin and Escort at a Railway Station

"With the Long Bow" By G. K. CHESTERTON

REALISTS AND THE UNREAL

I suppose there really are people who think that a novel ought to be an accurate picture of life. "Mr. Brown may not be aware," they say loftily, "that marquises do not generally pat their guests with the soup-ladle in animated conversation," or "A little experience of East Rutland as it really is would have taught Professor Pinker that the scene between the disinherited lady and the mad policeman is quite impossible and inconsistent with the spirit of the County." It is evident that these critics judge the novelists' creations strictly as copies of existing fact. It never occurs to them to think that they may not be copies of anything, but creations of the divine human mind, outbreaks of the god in Jones and Pinker. It never occurs to them to reflect that a marquis who pats his guest with the soup-ladle is far more beautiful than any earthly marquis, far more beautiful than any known member of that somewhat dingy and suburban, but highly respectable class. It never occurs to them to dream that the mad policeman (that finished and delightful study of character) is more than a mad policeman in East Rutland, that he is a mad policeman in a mad East Rutland, in a mad England; in the mad universe of art.

The great defect, of course, in the realistic ideal, is that of its nature it defeats itself. A sketch of a carrot may be an inspiration. A study of a carrot may be a gem. A picture of a carrot may be a masterpiece. A colossal cast of a carrot bigger than two houses may be a prodigy, a wonder of the world, a hollow temple in which hundreds may worship. But a quite exact model of a carrot, moulded and coloured with the most perfect precision, is simply a carrot. Or rather, it is less than a carrot, for the only two things it lacks are the only two things that are important in a carrot, its life which makes a carrot agreeable and interesting (I hope) to itself and its particular flavour which renders it (I am told) agreeable and interesting to donkeys. This is, of course, the first and most obvious of the unrealities of literary realism, that its very utmost effort and its most final glory must be futile. All great ideals are impossible; but this of realism is at once impossible and disappointing. A man may pass his time fruitlessly in seeking to carve the form of an archangel, but if he succeeds, he will show to men something they have never seen since the sun began. But if he succeeds in carving immortally a cab horse, so that it is a precise replica, he only provides us with a horse that won't go. In everything else failure comes with effort; but in this failure comes with success. Literary art is not like life and is not meant to be like life in any of the senses or respects in which the realistic novelists talk of it. There is indeed one sense in which literature is like life and that a most important one, that the only important one. Life goes its way, inventing what it likes, producing what it likes, throwing off grotesque animals and fantastic plants—creating. So does literature.

But there is another respect in which realism is, philosophically speaking, inferior to romance. It is that the romantic is so very enduring, and the real is so very variable and vague. Realists sometimes sneer at poetry as a feeble, fickle, indiscreet thing, a thing of many tints and changes, a thing shifting and unreliable. How manifestly untrue. It is real life that is perpetually shining and shifting like a sunset, that is perpetually wandering and maundering like a lost soul, that is to-day and that is to-morrow, that is totally fickle, that is totally unreliable. It is poetry that stands as solid as bricks. The Ideal Beautiful Man, the Apollo Belvedere, has always remained essentially unchallenged, continuous, admitted. The Real Beautiful Man, the Dandy, has changed so quickly that to look at the fashion plates twenty years ago is to look at a gallery of grotesques.

Now this continual change in our notions of real life must mean that realistic literature is put in a great difficulty. How can a realistic novel be immortal when the facts on which it is based are exactly the things about which men most easily alter their opinions? Realism is largely founded on science; which is never absolute, which is always relative, which is not only always changing, but always eating itself. At one time, I suppose, when everyone believed in witches or were-wolves, as objective facts, witches and were-wolves were a part of realism. I suppose that in those days to talk of fishing up a mermaid was considered a very nautical and technical allusion, in the style of Mr Rudyard Kipling's short stories about the sea. I suppose that if a writer on Africa spoke of meeting a centaur, it was regarded as a grim bit of local colour. Owing to the mere triviality of our having ceased to believe (for the time being) that witches and centaurs objectively exist, the whole realistic sting of such narrations is gone. But do the realists fondly imagine that we are going to stop still in our present view of what is real? Do they fancy that the scientific theories of the nineteenth century are going to be always with us? Already they are melting. In a little while they will be gone.

And now the new problem arises. Numbers of intelligent people are now again believing that there is such a thing as psychic phenomena, or, to put it in other words, that there may be witches and were-wolves and centaurs and mermaids. Now the problem is—what about these things? Are they realistic? Have they a place in realism? Mr. Henry James has given them a wonderful place in it, uniting a sullen modernity with a strange spiritualism. But the question is——. But my space, I fancy, is filled. I shall have to get to the subject next week. You may not happen to know it, but the whole of this article has really been about an exceedingly good new novelist, very little known. His mere name and the coarse facts about his work I must defer till next week. But he is very good.

FROM ABROAD.

The Nice Tournament was Played this Year Before Enthusiastic "Gates"

The player seen in profile is Mr. G. W. Hillyard, the old Warwickshire cricketer, who, with Mr. C. H. L. Cazalet (the other player in the photograph), has only lately returned to his favourite game from prospecting in California

The Brothers Doherty. The Champion, "H. L.," is Seen Raising his Racquet

As elsewhere, these redoubtable brothers won all the open events except the "Mixed"

THE LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT NICE

With the Mission to Tibet

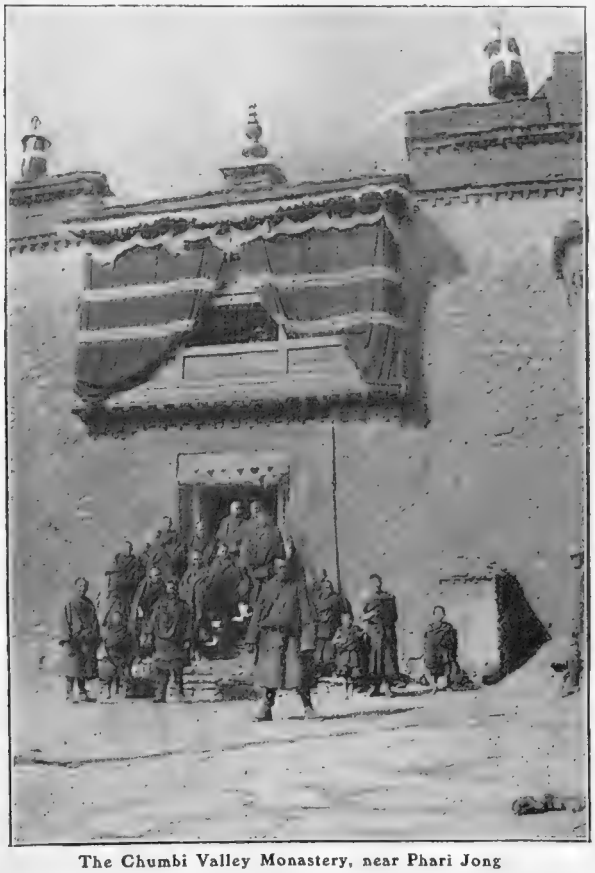
Little news filters through, these days, from Tibet. An occasional wire from a special correspondent gives us a few picturesque details about the mountainous nature of the country, and the strange manners and customs of the people, but the general tenor of all cable messages is, "the position remains unchanged." This inactivity may be explained, as far as the other party in the negotiations is concerned, by the fact that the present period is the Tibetan new year. The observances of religion are, for the nonce, ousting the amenities of politics. Another important factor which militates against the rapid succession of events is the strangely conglomerate composition of the Mission. Apparently these armed politicians experience a difficulty in formulating a system of tactics which shall bring into play both the pacific and the persuasive weapons at their command. Again, the bashful nature of the foreign commissioners is the cause of serious delay. According to a recent message, the Chinese and Tibetan officials shut themselves in the neighbouring jong (fort) and refused to meet Colonel Younghusband.

A Tibetan Lama with Prayer-wheel

At every turn of the prayer-wheel he passes a bead of the rosary. At some of the monasteries rows of large prayer-wheels, two feet high, are set up in the place of railings for the use of the faithful. The monastery of Diba Dongtse has as many as three hundred of these

The story of the circumstances leading up to the formation of the Mission has recently been embodied in a Blue Book, but humorous sidelights are none the worse for their dry setting. For the first time in nearly a century the vast tracts of Tibet are ruled, not by an infant or a puppet, but by a young gentleman of twenty-eight who knows his own mind, and carries out the convictions which are borne in upon him. To the strong man of Lhasa is due the commercial nature of the Mission. He is a person of sufficient responsibility to realise the holy and binding nature of a treaty. At the same time, it was felt that no valid objections could be made to certain "military arrangements" proposed by the Viceroy of India.

Our illustrations are from photographs taken by an officer with the Mission. From Phari, which figures in the illustrations, came news but a few days back of a terrific thunderstorm which raged south of the Jelep Pass and destroyed four thousand pounds of supplies.



The Chumbi Valley Monastery, near Phari Jong

Tibet is simply overrun with monasteries, the city of Lhasa containing no less than 1,000 priests, while the monasteries and temples in the neighbourhood contain some 15,000 monks

A Native Footbridge Across the Raiot-dong, Sikkim

These native bridges, constructed of bamboo and fibrous tendrils, are common in all parts of Tibet. Two bamboo poles form the rather slippery footway

The Massive Fort of Phari, Tibet, Known Locally as Phari Jong

Whence the latest news of Colonel Younghusband's mission has been received. It can be easily believed that in the old days such huge piles of masonry were practically impregnable

Buying and Selling Horses at Phari Village, Just Below the Fort

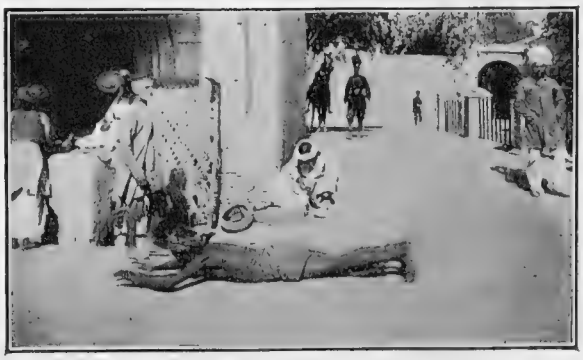
The Tibetans have some rather curious trade customs. If after buying an article the purchaser wishes to return it the same day, he must forfeit one-tenth of the price; on the following day one-fifth; on the second, one half; while after the third day nothing is returnable. When a man has only one horse, one plough, or one suit of clothes, nobody can ask the loan of any of these things without committing the offence of "impudence," for which he may be severely rebuked. Moreover, these things cannot be seized for debt. This latter custom is known as the Magna Charta of Tibet

Colonel Younghusband's Bodyguard

The 8th Ghurkas, with their 17lb. muzzle-loading mountain gun

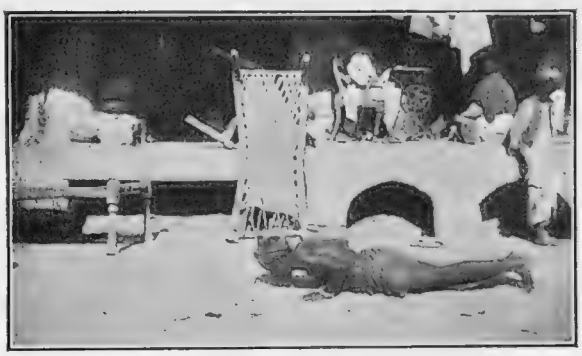
FEATS OF INDIAN FANATICS

The fanatic fakir in this photograph has his hands and ankles bound, while his hair is matted together with woollen plaits. His method of locomotion is—

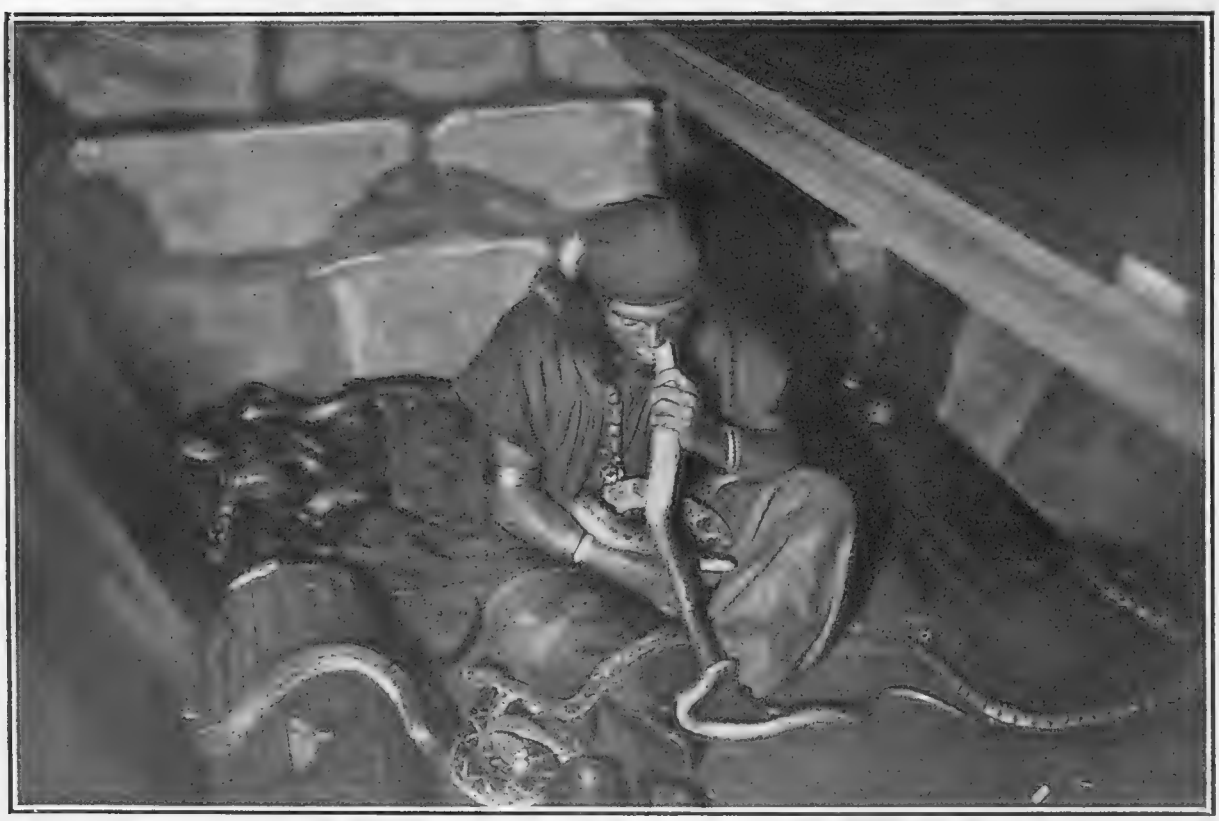


after having said a prayer, to prostrate himself as shown above. Then he half raises himself three times, brings his feet up to where his hands were—

and then stands up again, being a few feet further on his way, by means of the three frog-like movements mentioned. Then another prayer is said—



and the whole performance of prostration, and so on, is gone through again. This is repeated mile after mile, without cessation, as the holy man travels from place to place, devoting his life to this form of self-torture



"OKO" The Indian Snake-Eater: A Gruesome Turn at a Parisian Music Hall

Oko sits in a kind of box about the size of a railway compartment, seemingly enjoying the company of these poisonous reptiles, who crawl all over his body. With a cautious movement he places his hand on the back of the head of the snake he has selected for his peculiar meal, as if he intended to caress it, then he grips the villainous animal so tightly that escape is impossible. Oko next proceeds to bite off the serpent's head, and, throwing it away, he quickly skins the body of his prey; and starts devouring it, as though he had a good appetite and his dinner was quite to his taste. Strange to relate one of Oko's meals costs just as much as if he had dined at the most expensive restaurant, as each snake is valued at about 250 francs

El Azhar Mosque, Used as the Native University

The Pyramids, Sphinx, and Temple of Cephrenes

Place de l'Opera, Cairo

The Mena House Hotel, with Great Pyramid

SCENES IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

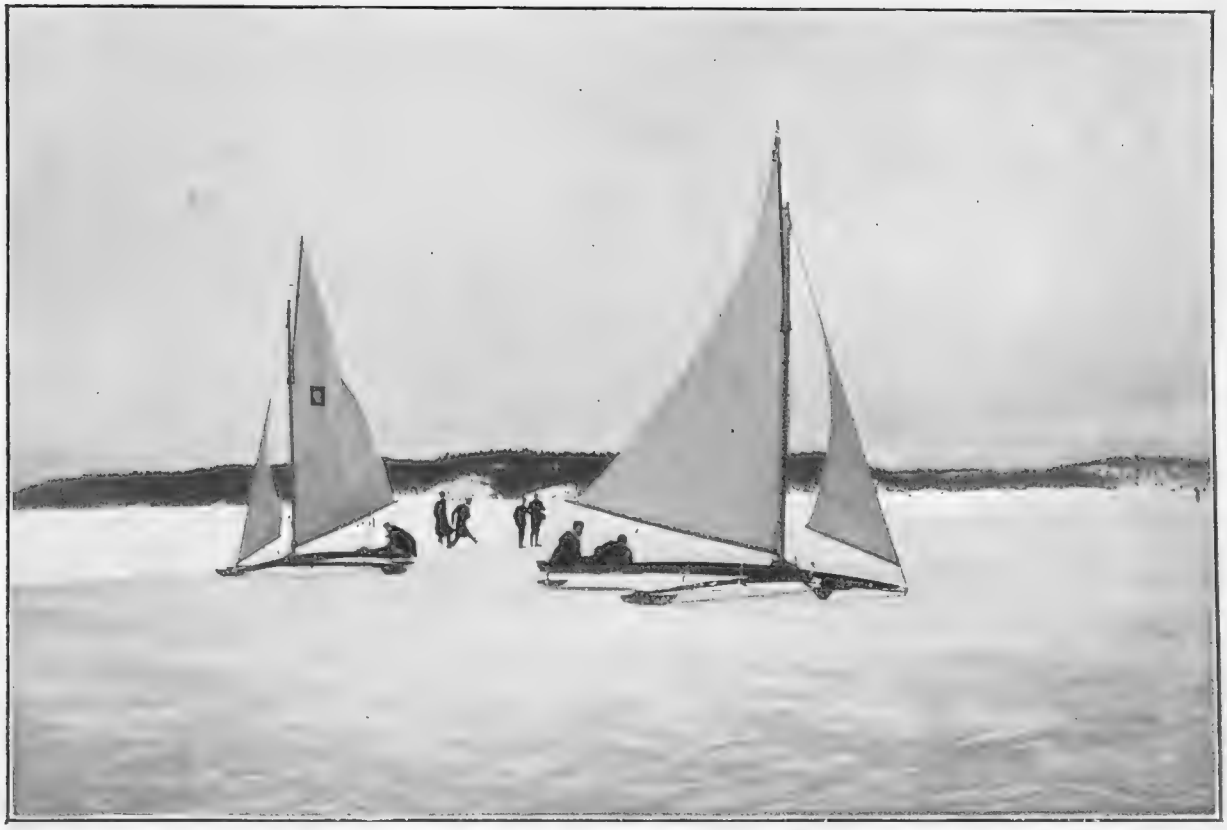
WINTER SPORTS IN SWEDEN: RESIDENTS IN STOCKHOLM

Snow-shoe Driving Outside Stockholm

Juvenile Sports in the Sports Park, Stockholm

MAKE THE MOST OF THE FAST DISAPPEARING WINTER

The Wind is a Useful Ally to the Swedish Skater



Yachting is Generally Voted to be the Most Breathless and Exciting of all Sports on the Ice

Drawn from life by *Joseph O'Brien*

Types of the Mute Inglorious Supers of the Stage

CONCERNING LORD LANSDOWNE

(See the Supplement, by Phil May, presented with this number.)

Once, in a blessed hour for the constructor of personal paragraphs, the late Master of Balliol looked out of the window and observed a youth of stately mien taking his way across the quadrangle. It is declared that Dr. Jowett then said to a companion, "There goes a man who is as sure to be Foreign Secretary in due time, whichever party he chooses, as to-morrow's sun is to rise." The youth was Henry Charles Keith Petty-Fitzmaurice, who had already become the fifth Marquis of Lansdowne, twenty-sixth Baron of Kerry and Lixnaw, Earl of Kerry, Viscount Clanmaurice, Vicount Fitzmaurice, and Baron Dunkeron, Earl of Shelburne, Baron Wycombe, Earl of Wycombe, and Viscount Calne. And thirty years later he was to inherit on the death of his mother the title of Baron of Keith and Nairne. It was of all this nobility in presence and in prospect that the Master made the remark already quoted.

To-morrow's sun is as morally certain to rise in these times as it was when Dr. Jowett spoke those words some thirty-seven years ago; but it is equally certain that that story of his prediction will be told whenever Lord Lansdowne is the subject of comment in the Press. It is one of the fixed and immutable laws of journalism, which none may transgress and prosper. The present writer bows to it.

All the same, the story once told, it may be permissible to point out that the late Master of Balliol had incredible luck with his prophecy. Let us examine it for a moment in the light of Lord Lansdowne's subsequent career. To begin with, the assumption that a young man arrived at years of discretion "chooses" his political party may sound cynical to any anyone who values sincerity of convictions in public life: but it is thoroughly typical of the way in which the preceptors of distinguished youth at the Universities look at the matter, and was probably said hundreds of times about Lord Lansdowne. What, then, happened? Lord Lansdowne came in contact with Gladstone. He was soon advanced to the acknowledged honour of being "one of Gladstone's young men." Within a few years of the Master's prediction about him, the young Marquis of twenty-four was a Lord of the Treasury in Gladstone's first Ministry, that of 1869, and in three years' time he made, in an ominous hour, his first acquaintance with the War Office, on being advanced to the Under-Secretaryship of that department by his chief, who noticed with pride the industry and devotion of the recruit. In the next Liberal administration he was made Under-Secretary for India.

So far all seemed to be going admirably with Lord Lansdowne and Dr. Jowett's prophecy. And when the Marquis found himself unable to agree, as an Irish landlord on the grand scale, with Gladstone's Compensation for Disturbance Bill, he decided on one of those Ministerial resignations which reflect so much credit on a junior politician, although the Elder Statesmen, as a rule, find office too delicate a thing to be played with in this way.

He resigned; yet the famous prediction soon advanced another step toward fulfilment. In 1883 Gladstone gave him his great chance, and made him Governor-General of Canada. Here his personal qualities had evidently found a congenial field. After five successful years in Canada, he passed immediately to another term of five years, not less successful, as Viceroy of India. Here was done the best work of his life, perhaps, and now, indeed, the Foreign Secretaryship seemed growing near.

But politics at home had been developing with dangerous rapidity, while Lord Lansdowne was wielding the deputed sceptre in alternate hemispheres. Something with which Dr. Jowett cannot have reckoned had come into being in the ten years' interval between his pupil's graceful exit from the Ministry and his return to Parliamentary life in 1893. The Home Rule policy had opened a gulf between the Gladstonian and the other Liberals; and conviction drew Lord Lansdowne along the path of the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain. Here was a rude interruption of the Balliol forecast. "The party he had chosen" was now no longer his; he had quitted it for ever.

The Unionist party, however, opened its arms to the great administrator, the great nobleman, and great landowner. Sterling work for the Empire, old descent and 143,000 acres needed not to call aloud for recognition. He became, in the ascendancy of his evil star, Secretary for War. How disaster overtook him in Pall Mall is within the memory of all. The Boer War found his Department wanting. His retirement was demanded on all sides.

Now, indeed, it required a critical moment for the celebrated prophecy. Yet, what was the amazement—nay, what was the stupefaction, of all to hear that the reward of Lord Lansdowne's War Office record was the Foreign Secretaryship promised him so many years ago, in a flash of irresponsible conversation, by the greatest of Dons. Then began the life of the immortal anecdote with which these observations opened.

The politicians raved, even his own party's Press murmured aloud. But Lord Lansdowne's foot was at last on his native heath—the carpets of the Foreign Office. He set himself to build up his reputation anew; and to-day he is acclaimed as one of the best Foreign Ministers of our time. He speaks French admirably, as the late Lord Salisbury said in explaining his appointment; and that, after all, is more than Lord Beaconsfield could do.

Fiscally, as we know, Lord Lansdowne is the patentee of the Big Revolver; unlike his brother, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, and Lord George Hamilton, his wife's brother, he has turned from Free Trade. Privately, he is the quietest, most urbane of statesmen; indeed, foreign diplomatists find him uncomfortably Sphinx-like. Fishing is his favoured sport, and beautiful Derreen, in the County Kerry, his chosen refuge in the later days of his strangely varied, but very distinguished career.

"At the Sign of the Times"

THE VAGARIES OF THE RUSSIAN PRESS

Consecrated Lies

"There are" said Dr. Johnson upon one occasion "inexcuseable lies and consecrated lies. For instance, we are told that on the arrival of the news of the unfortunate battle of Fontenoy, every heart beat and every eye was in tears. Now we know that no man ate his dinner the worse; but there *should* have been all this concern and to say there *was* may be reckoned a consecrated lie." Except that I have Boswell's life open in front of me as I write, I should doubt if Dr. Johnson ever said anything so foolish. He said foolish things at times no doubt. Every man must, particularly if he loves the sound of his own voice and knows that other people love it too. And certainly Dr. Johnson never jibbed at the notion of uttering an absurdity if it happened to suit his humour or his argument. He went through with the absurdity smartly and backed out of it smartly, and upset his opponent by either process. The capacity to do likewise is the criterion of a great debater.

According to Dr. Johnson

Nevertheless I repeat that I should have doubted if Dr. Johnson ever said anything so foolish as this talk about consecrated lies. The phrase is good enough. No one nowadays who is not plunged in the abysms of casuistry would deny that there are such things as consecrated lies. There is not a man alive who has not told a consecrated lie in his time (as well perhaps as some inexcusable ones), and is not proud of the fact. There is not a man alive who if he were faced with the duty of telling a consecrated lie and shrank from it does not deserve hanging. But though the phrase is good, the argument it is used in support of seems to me poor in the extreme.

Are Shown to Bear

Let us repeat it in a modernised form. "We are told that on the arrival of the news of the unfortunate battle of Chemulpo, every (Russian) heart beat and every (Russian) eye was in tears. Now we know that no man ate his dinner the worse: we guess in fact that a good many men ate a much more hearty meal than they would otherwise have done: *e. g.* the Finns (whose recruits for the Far East had to be carried kicking into the trains that were to bear them off), the Poles (who continually nurse the ideas of liberty and vengeance), the Baltic Lithuanians (who are also being "Russified"—which is the international phrase for the wiping out of a nation), the Little Russians (who had a language once), the Chinese (with memories of Blagovestschensk and the river that was choked with their dead), the Jews and the political convicts—a score of persecuted sects and peoples

So Close a Resemblance

"All these must have feasted high on learning of a Russian reverse. But there should have been—in the opinion of the Bureaucracy which so considerately runs the Empire—all this concern of beating hearts and tearful eyes. Beating hearts and tearful eyes make a much better impression than—let us say—the resolution passed by the Institute of Mining Engineers at St. Petersburg condemning the war with Japan as 'at once inhuman and contrary to the interests of the people.' Therefore to say there *was* all this concern may be reckoned a consecrated lie." The Tsar might have given utterance to these sentiments in that interview with the representatives of the Russian Press, at which he did actually say that he hoped the Press would continue to use its great influence on public opinion in order to impart to it the truth and nothing but the truth.

To the Truths of the Russian Press

It is considered polite and proper in this country to regard the Tsar as guileless in the extreme. "Poor young man!" English ladies say, meaning the Autocrat of all the Russias. I do not know if we have got into the habit of so regarding him as a result of information based upon fact, or as a matter of instinctive politeness, or from a conception of what is our duty as a neutral nation. Personally I should deem the man (or woman) who regarded me as a knave more courteous—if the choice had to be made—than the man who regarded me as an imbecile. However that may be, and there is no disputing about tastes, especially when you do not know them, I must confess to thinking that even in the presence of their guileless Autocrat those Press representatives can hardly have suppressed a wink. For, consider the Russian censorship! It is reckoned that in Warsaw a newspaper has to be written three times over before the Censor passes it for publication. Even then it seems the Editor is liable to be sent to Siberia if in a fit of absent-mindedness the Censor has failed to strike out some item of information which the authorities cannot approve. An Editor's life in Russia—despite his great influence—cannot altogether be a happy one.

That the Dessemination of them

Nor, one must assume, can it be altogether a truthful one. Mere blacking out of doubtful passages need not of course have a demoralising effect upon him. It is easy to conceive cases where blacking out — even in this country — might be beneficial. The leaders, for example, of a gifted contemporary which shall be nameless, lopped of their adjectives, would gain in the gratitude of their readers what they lost in the pomp of their writers. Another gifted contemporary (which shall be still more nameless), by eliminating its war correspondence, would gain in veracity what it lost in subscribers. Moreover—as Stevenson, I think, remarked—if only the right words were left out, any daily paper would be as good reading as the Odyssey.

Cannot be Considered Beneficial

But then in the case of the Russian papers it is not merely a matter of blacking out. What is struck out has to be filled in again—in a different sense. Thus those details about the desertion in large numbers across the Bulgarian frontiers of Polish soldiers ordered to Manchuria—details which the Editor thought topical and interesting—are considered dull by the Censor. They must therefore be replaced, either by a little essay on the Homeric question or on the use of similes in Virgil (as though the *Times* should replace its foreign intelligence by articles taken from the "Encyclopædia Britannica"—though indeed that famous work would be considered almost too revolutionary in Russia); or, and this will perhaps be safest, they may be replaced by an article on the unanimity with which every class of Russians is bent on chastising the insolent foe—as exemplified by the unparalleled rush of volunteers for the Manchurian army. So delicately persuasive can a Russian censor be.

To This or Any Other Country

There are consecrated lies and execrated lies, and I think it is because the Russian bureaucratic system stands for a perpetuation of the latter that feeling in this country is so anti-Russian. The bureaucrats do not like it. Even in England, they say, there should be some concern for their unpleasant—though merely temporary—disasters. Perhaps there should. A war may be just or unjust: yet men are genuinely impressed by a genuine disaster. There are tears for such things as war entails—hopes ruined and lives sacrificed in vain. Pity does not hold back till Justice has spoken. And yet . . . if Russians themselves do not show all this concern, I do not know that we need offer to go into mourning. There is this to remember—the hopes that are ruined are not Russian hopes: the men who are sacrificed are not lovers of Russia. And when Russians themselves find it hard to be Russophil, other people may be excused for not being Russo-philanderers. MINIMUS.

Train Crossing an Iron Bridge on the Seoul-Chemulpo Railroad

This railway, connecting Seoul, the capital of Korea, with Chemu'po, its seaport on the Yellow Sea, is twenty-four miles long. The iron bridge shown crosses the river Hang. As there are a great many Japanese in Chemulpo, and as Japan has the right by treaty of keeping a garrison in Seoul, this railway is important as a means of transporting supplies

Photo by *City Art Photo Co.*

The New Roman Catholic Cathedral, Westminster

It may not be generally known that there is no debt, even to the amount of a shilling, on the Cathedral. All the money is subscribed before work is commenced on building and decoration. One of the most beautiful side altars is the gift of Baron Brampton, formerly Sir Henry Hawkins

OUR SHORT STORY

A SEMI-DETACHED LEGACY

By TOM GALLON

The faded green blind which covered the lower part of the window of No. 20, Furnival-square, Chelsea, shrouded from the vulgar gaze of anyone who might be passing, a bare room, carpetless, and with such small items of furniture as were left in it, muffled up in holland coverings; the bright, cheap, art muslin curtain over the window of No. 20A hid another carpetless room, but of a more cheerful kind. Over the dingy green blind the face of Charity Barber, topped with a bonnet which had been new somewhere about the late seventies, looked out hopefully upon Furnival-square; over the art muslin blind the younger, prettier face of Rose Thurlby, crowned with fair hair that had been new not quite twenty-one years ago, looked out hopelessly, and did not think much of the prospect.

Nos. 20 and 20A had at one time formed one large house; but an enterprising owner, finding great difficulty in letting the place as it stood, had hit upon the happy notion of slicing it clean down the middle with a party wall, and sticking in two doors instead of one large one. As the staircase had been a very wide one in the original house, and had gone up the middle of it, this was the easier: it simply meant making two narrow staircases instead of one.

Age has its rights and its privileges; therefore, we will knock at the door of No. 20, and have a look at Charity Barber. Nothing very interesting at first sight about Charity, seeing that some rough conflict with the world and with Mr. Barber had knocked dents in her, in a manner of speaking, and had left her with a battered appearance; but nothing could ever change her sprightliness, nor her supreme belief in the fact that she was an extremely lucky woman, and had really had rather a good time of it. Nor could anything shake the feeling in her mind that, despite her own grimy appearance, and the position she held in the world, she was really a person of considerable importance, and of aristocratic lineage. The latter belief had grown up in her mind during the past few years only; and it had grown up in a curious manner.

Charity Barber was a caretaker; but for that, you would never have found her behind the green blind of No. 20. She had drifted into the position of caretaker chiefly owing to the erratic behaviour of Mr. Samson Barber, her husband; that gentleman having early come to the conclusion that his wife could earn sufficient to enable him to live a life of leisure, and to provide for him, without any necessity on his part of working at all. As this fact had been impressed upon Charity Barber at an early stage of their married life, she had from that time taken care of various houses that had been, for various reasons, tenantless; and had, in the course of years, looked out over many blinds in ever changing neighbourhoods, until such time as the houses were let. Living thus, in aristocratic neighbourhoods for the most part, and seeing carriages drive up to the very houses on either side of her, she had lived, as it were, in an artificial atmosphere, and had had dreams.

"Mark my words," she had said more than once over a confidential cup of tea. "I shall be swooped on one o' these days, an' 'iked off, as you might say, to the 'Ouse of Lords. I was meant for summink 'igher, I was; I've got to feel so at 'ome, as you may say, in gilded 'alls, that I don't think I could breathe in nothink less. You always 'ear of suddin fortunes comin' to people as least expects 'em; an' I shall live to see the day w'en Samson makes a objec' of 'isself over champagne wine, an' I 'as a maid to do up wot 'air 'e's left to me in 'is tantrums."

So it happened that Charity Barber, with serene hopefulness, looked out always over the blind of whatever house she happened to be in, expecting a visitor; for she had it all cut and dried in her own mind. So much at least her casual reading taught her. A young lawyer would arrive, and would assure himself that she was the real person; then he would beg her to be prepared for a shock, and she would, in the most genteel fashion, sit down, and close her eyes and catch her breath; after which, the inevitable announcement. She had but one doubt in her mind—as to whether she should, in the stress of her emotion, embrace the lawyer, or be coldly distant to him. But that he would come before her days of caretaking were ended she never doubted at all.

Other interests she had, of course; as, for instance, a natural one in the tenants of No. 20A. Her woman's heart was touched by the remembrance that they were young; she sighed to think of her own battered romance, when she remembered that they were married. But a constant and vigilant watch over the faded green blind had taught her that they were desperately poor; that although there were curtains to the windows, they were kept for the most part closely drawn to hide the deficiency in the matter of furniture within. That the room behind the cheap art muslin blinds was carpetless, because to stain the floor was cheaper; and that the young and plodding artist-husband worked away at pictures he sometimes carried out under his arm, and almost as certainly brought back again at night. Which was not the way for youth and love at all, according to the views of Charity Barber.

Charity had had a bad week of it. Mr. Samson Barber, for some unknown reason, had startlingly announced his intention of looking for work; and

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had looked for it with such deep intensity that it had seemingly affected his eyesight, as well as his gait, to say nothing of his temper. Having relieved his feelings somewhat forcibly in the matter of language, he had induced her to supply him with an extra quantity of money—probably the better to pursue his search—and had compelled her to part with a few personal articles of value in order to raise money for their joint wants. And at the place to which she had resorted for this purpose she had seen the young artist raising a loan on a picture he had been unable to sell. Altogether a very grey world at which Charity looked out over the green blind.

"If ever the gent whose natural end is fire an' brimstone drops down on me wiv a legacy, it won't be to-day!" she murmured to herself, as she stood disconsolately at the window, and looked out at the prospect. "P'raps it's for the best: I couldn't face the prospeck of Samson never bein' sober; I shouldn't ever be me natural colour again—oh—it ain't no good your stoppin' 'ere, young man; you're much too young to want a 'house, much less payin' for it after you'd got it; so don't block up the daylight, I'd beg of you."

These last words were addressed to a young, brisk-looking gentleman, who had stopped opposite the house, and was looking up and down at its windows. Totally unconscious of the remark addressed to him, he pulled a folded slip of blue paper out of the breast pocket of his frock coat, and scanned some writing upon it closely, nodded in a quick fashion, and actually came to the door of No. 20, and knocked. There was not the slightest doubt about it, and Charity Barber knew him in a moment. Her dream had come true.

Exactly how she got from behind the green blind to the door it would be impossible to say; strictly speaking, of course, she walked, but, so far as her own feelings were concerned, she may be said, like a certain exalted personage, to have had no legs. However, she did manage to open the door, and did contrive to wave a hand faintly to indicate that the long-expected was to enter. Then she closed the door, by the simple expedient of falling against it and blurted out what she knew to be the truth.

"You havn't no need, young man, to open your mouth, or to say the words that is rattlin' yer teeth at this present moment, so to speak," she said, in a sort of hurried, sing-song voice. "Barber is me name, an' never yet 'ave I denied it, though black an' blue I may be oft, an' lighter colours w'en it fades; an' the legacy I 'ave bin expectin' these many years, an' a little on account most acceptable, with Samson on the loose. If you'll walk in, sir, I'll sign any papers cheerful—me knowin' the ropes through long 'earsay."

During this speech, Charity had so far recovered as to be able to bustle the young man into the cheerless room, the window of which was guarded by the green blind. The light in Furnival Square was fading, and the visitor could not see much of her; he sat down on a chair near the window, and again drew out the precious blue paper.

"I see that my visit is not so much of a surprise as I should have imagined it would be," he said. "I certainly have come to see you about a legacy—and a very considerable one—and I find I have lighted upon you without any difficulty, Miss"—he consulted the blue paper again—"Miss Barber."

("It evidently bein' intended that Samson shall 'ave the go-by, on account of 'is manners, an' me return to a former state," thought Charity to herself.) Aloud she said, "I've bin expectin' of you constant for years, knowin' always wot would 'appen, sir. I'm on'y sorry that poor father is not alive this day to 'ear the news."

"Well—that could scarcely be, you see," replied the young man, "or you would not be receiving a visit from me. It is from your father that the money comes. I regret to inform you that he is dead."

"Let yer words come natural, sir," urged Charity easily. "I've got over it by this time; there ain't no need to break to me wot would never 'ave put me off me meals at the worst."

"Your father did not treat you very well during his lifetime, I believe, Miss Barber?" said the young man nervously.

"Same as most fathers, I suppose," said Charity with a shrug. "Far be it from me to run down the dead, not knowin' 'ow near they might be at the moment, an' never wishin' to 'urt feelings. An' 'ow father could ever 'ave got anything like a legacy together, 'cepting 'e stole it, licks me. May I ask, young man, 'ow much I'm allowed to dip into?"

"Your father was a very rich man, Miss Barber, and his property, when realised, will bring in something like a thousand a year," was the reply.

"Wot, *every* year?" gasped Charity Barber, holding on to the table for support.

"Every year," replied the lawyer. "I may say, Miss Barber, that quite a thousand pounds will be your income per annum for the future. You will notice that I address you by your maiden name——"

"It's dark, I know, sir, but I ain't blushin'," said Charity calmly.

"Because your father was incensed at your marriage, and has refused to recognise your husband or your married name in any way. You were always Miss Barber in his mind."

"That's funny," said Charity. "In a manner o' speakin', father may be said to 'ave shoved me into the arms of Samson hisself. 'Fust thing you does,' says father to me, 'is to find some one 'oo's mug enough to make a 'ome for you; that's your lay.' Never minced no words, father didn't; 'ad a sort of langwidge all 'is own, as the song says."

"It's a curious thing, Miss Barber," said the young man, "but your father certainly gave me a wrong impression concerning you. You will, I am sure, excuse my bluntness"—he coughed behind his hand delicately—"but it was suggested to me that you were—hem—younger, and of a more—more refined nature. Perhaps it is that contact with the world has soured or hardened you."

"You've got it in once!" said Charity, bustling about to light the gas in the cheerless room, and to stir the fire together. "Gels like me is wot you might call dumped down into the world; an' they gets a shove from this one, an' a kick from the other, an' they learns it ain't all warm firesides and say-your-prayers-to-muvver sort o' thing. Most o' my 'ush-me-to-sleep business was a fight or two goin' on outside.

But, Lor' bless yer, that's all over now, ain't it, sir? Now, if I wants a fight, I'll 'ire somebody to do it for me. A thousand golden little saucepan-lids every year, did you say, sir? W'y, there ain't nothink you can't do with that, is there? You 'appens to fancy summink tasty for supper, and there's a thousand shiners be'ind you to buy it wiv."

"It's certainly a very large sum," said the young solicitor, with an inward vision of what this strange, battered woman would do with the money. "Have you any plans for the future, Miss Barber?"

"Plans?" exclaimed Charity, scornfully. "W'y, I've thought all this 'ere out for years. I know to a yard wot me dresses is goin' to be, an' wot sort of 'at I shall go to the Manshing 'Ouse in; and everythink about it. To-morrer mornin' as ever is I shall go out, an' I shall git into a cab: ain't never bin in a cab but once—w'en I slipped up on a bit of orange peel, an' broke me leg; and' then the p'lice paid for it, w'ich took the gilt off the horse's nose, as you might say. You see, sir, I shall 'ave a bit of an advantage, as you might say, because I shall dress like a lady; and yet I shall know 'ow to git me own back if anybody sorces me."

"Quite so," murmured the solicitor humbly.

"I can see myself steppin' it into a 'ansom, an' the driver so much as darin' to be flippant through the trap. I could give 'im summink in the way of words as 'ud blow 'im orf 'is perch—mark my words, I could. I 'aven't bin married to Samson all these years fer nothin'. An' don't you believe, young man," she added impressively, "that I'm goin' to do the sort o' mean things some folks I could name is doin.' There's a gent a-goin' about the country—an' a-splashin' isself in all the noospapers—a-findin' cheap lib'eries. Sich a silly way o' puttin' it. 'Mr. Wot-is-it 'as founded a free lib'ery at W'erever-it-is-on-Sea.' Now, you know, sir, w'en I was a kid, if we 'appened by luck to light on a farden, we used to say: 'I've founded a farden!' But sich baby talk in the papers did ought to be put a stop to."

"It means, Miss Barber, that the gentleman has endowed a library for the benefit of some particular place," explained the young man.

"More fool 'e," exclaimed Charity scornfully. "'Ere's my Samson goes to the free lib'ery to look at the sportin' papers, an' to put 'onest shillings on that 'e carn't afford an' 'asn't earned. Oh, but we'll change all that, my gentleman," she added, with a fierce shake of the old bonnet. "This little thousand quidlets a year belongs to me; I ain't sure but wot I won't allow Samson so much to keep away from me. If 'e should go to any o' these banquets, an' sit in the sun, so to speak, an' then 'owl out about my parst, it'll be a nice thing. I *don't* think."

"I had no idea that your husband's name was Samson," said the lawyer, a little anxiously. "On my instructions it appears as David."

"They're always a-mixin' up them 'istory characters, an' Samson 'as 'ad 'is allibies, same as most of us, in 'is time. Make yer mind easy, sir; there ain't no mistake about it. W'ether it's David, or w'ether it's Samson; wot's the odds? You might 'ave almost any name, an' they'd forgive yer, with a sum like that tacked on to it."

"Of course, I'm quite prepared to pay any sum you wish in advance, Miss Barber," said the young man, still glancing anxiously from the paper he held to the face of Charity. "I presume, by the way, that you are Miss Rose Barber, daughter of the late——"

"An' I'm goin' to 'ave my mornin' kipper done on a silver grill, an' I'll 'ave a eddicated footman to read the paper to me w'ile I looks out for the bones an' sips me tea. 'E shall begin wiv the p'lice 'orrors, an' slide gradual into the breach of promises. I wonder w'ere they keeps footmen with sorft voices," she went on meditatively and quite oblivious of the anxious young solicitor's questions. "I know w'en I was a gel father knew a singin' butler, out of a situation. Lovely voice 'e 'ad, an' on'y one song, wot 'e'd trained 'isself to in a way; summink about the sea, an' mariner bold an' a lady fair——"

"You have not yet answered my question, Miss Barber," urged the lawyer gently. "You are, I presume, Miss Rose Barber——"

"Never shall it be said I couldn't 'old to me name, though w'y 'Charity,' w'en I ain't never 'ad none of it, passes belief," she broke in. "It on'y shows the outrages one 'as to suffer w'en you're 'elpless. 'Charity' indeed! Might as well 'ave called me 'Beggar-me-neighbour,' an' 'ave done with it!"

It was at that moment that Mr. Samson Barber unsteadily inserted a key in the lock of the door of No. 20, and entered the house. The noise occasioned by his entrance stopped the lawyer in the sentence he was framing; they waited until Samson came in—until, in fact, he had come to the knowledge that there was a well-dressed stranger present, and to the remembrance that well-dressed strangers usually spelt money. Then it was that Samson pulled off a shabby hat, and drew the back of one hand apologetically across dry lips.

"This," said Charity, not without a touch of pride—"this is my 'usband!"

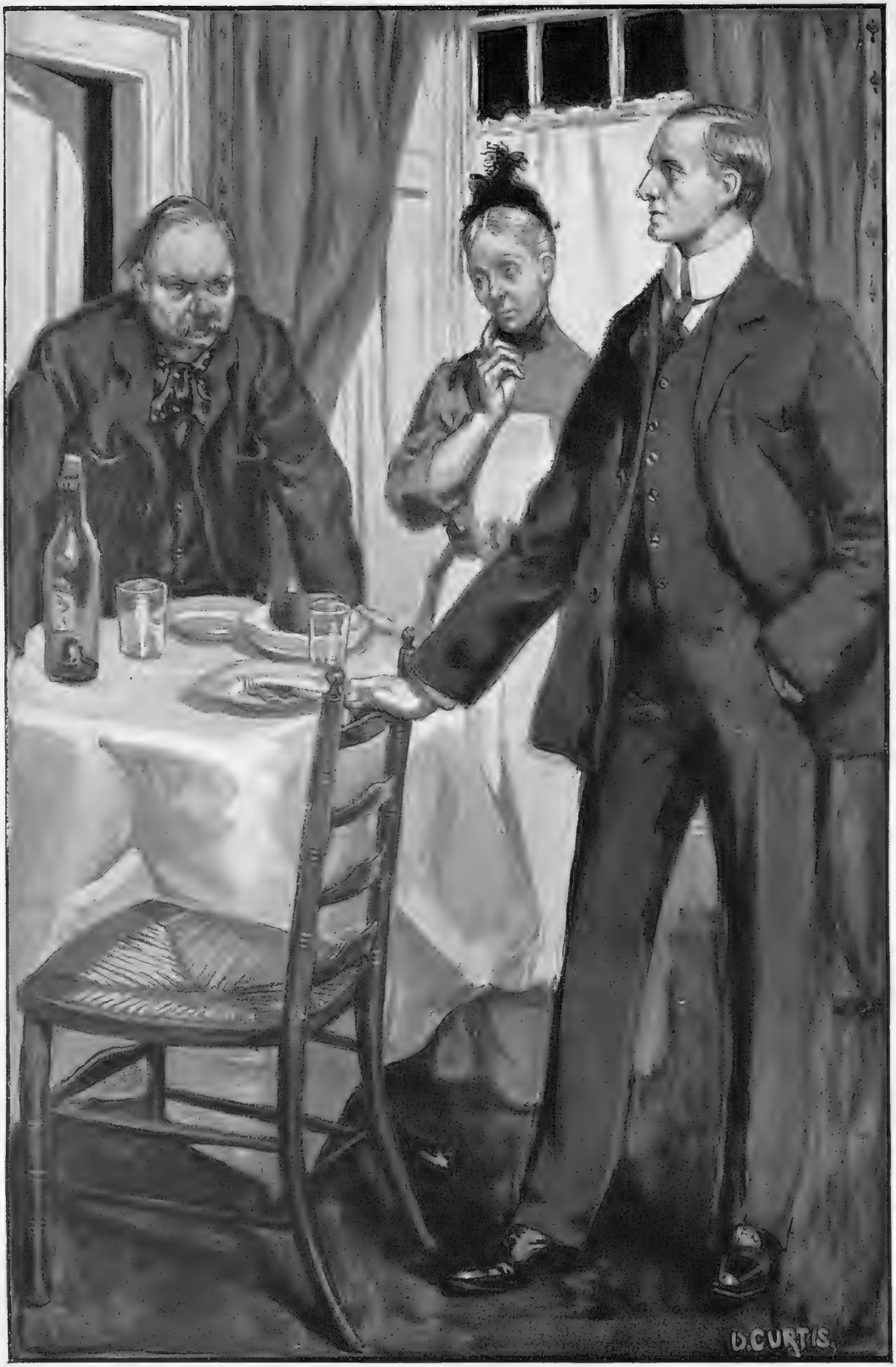
The unfortunate solicitor began to realise that he had made a horrible blunder. For this feeble-looking lounger scarcely came up to the description given of Miss Barber's husband—"a handsome young dog, who daubs paint on canvas for a living, and starves in the process." The lawyer rose to his feet, and faced Charity Barber with a new humility.

"There appears to be some—some mistake," he said, with a helpless look from the wife to the husband, and back again. "I am in search of a Miss Rose Barber——"

"I'll take the name—an' by it smell as sweet, as the song says," broke in Charity eagerly.

"I am afraid that is not possible," said the young man, with a smile. "The Miss Barber I want is the daughter of the late Rufus Barber, of Polehampton, in the county of Yorkshire. She married, greatly against her father's wish, a certain Mr. David Thurlby, and they reside at No. 20"—he carried that blue paper, which had been the very foundation of all poor Charity's dreams, to the gas, and examined it more closely—"no—I see that it is No. 20A, Furnival-square, Chelsea," he added.

"I wouldn't let a mere small fiddlin' little letter like that stand in the way of a kind action," urged Charity Barber. "If father 'adn't bin off 'is napper, so to speak, at the time 'e give me my name, it might



'Wot I want to know is," said Mr. Samson Barber, leaning heavily on the table, "wot does a man mean by steppin' into my 'ouse an' sayin' this, that, an' t'other"

as well 'ave bin 'Rose,' or anythink else. Even Samson wouldn't objec' to a change, I'm sure."

"Wot I want to know," said Mr. Samson Barber, leaning heavily on the table, and speaking for the first time. "Wot I p'ticularly want to know is—wot does a man mean by steppin' into my 'ouse an' sayin, this, that, an' t'other——"

"I am a solicitor," began the young man, "and I come here on a matter connected with the law."

Very stealthily, and with a sudden sobering of manner, Mr. Samson Barber began to edge towards the door. "If there's anythink agen me—it's got to be proved," he said, in an anxious manner. "A little property may 'ave bin missed, through the carelessness of parties as 'ave left it about—but I 'aven't bin in trouble yet, so to speak, and I don't intend to begin. Charity Barber, it's bin in me mind for some time that I'd make another start, in the country for preference; it wouldn't be a bad idea to begin now. You won't see me no more, an' the Law, if it wants me, 'as got to look for me."

So it happened that Mr. Samson Barber glided out of the room, and out of the house—and, incidentally, out of this story. And, for a moment or two, the man who had made so bad a blunder and the woman who had believed him faced each other.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Barber," he began lamely, "and if there's any recompense I can make, in any way, for your disappointment——"

"It's like a pantymime I went to see once, with an aunt as kep' a general shop in the Borough-road," murmured Charity. "It was a dream while I was there, an' even the oranges wot was shoved under our noses outside the door afore we went in 'ad a flavour no greengrocer could ever 'ave give 'em. But they turned out the lights, an' we came away—an' it was raining outside. I wouldn't 'ave missed this fer anythink, sir; I would'nt 'ave 'ad it different. It's bin a dream—w'ere every prospeck pleases, an' on'y man is vile—alloodin' to Samson, I suppose—as they says in the song. It might 'ave 'appened that you'd gone to No. 20A, an' me never 'eard a word of wot might 'ave bin mine, if me name 'ad been different. Now I can 'old me 'ead up. But for a slip at the font, as you might call it, I'd 'ave bin in 'Igh Park nex' Sunday, in bloo satin an' a pug dog."

"Your husband will come back, I hope," suggested the solicitor, as he took up his hat.

"I 'ope not!" exclaimed Charity, with much firmness. "If you'd known Samson the time I 'ave, sir, year in and year out, you wouldn't long for 'is return, I give yer my word. No. 20A is nex' door, sir."

So it happened that the dream faded with the going of the lawyer, and that Charity Barber looked out over the faded green blind, and wondered a little that she could ever have had such a vision. Looking out over the green blind, too, she saw something else; saw a light-hearted young couple go out gaily arm-in-arm, in search of a joyous little repast to mark the occasion, accompanied by the beaming young solicitor; heard their happy laughter as they went past the window with the green blind. But over that dinner the young solicitor told a story, which had for its heroine plain Charity Barber; must have told it rather well, too, and have made of her something more of a heroine than she really was; for late that night the hand of Rose Barber lifted the knocker at No. 20, and, being admitted by Charity, the girl came in, timidly enough, and made an astounding proposal.

"You see it was all a mistake," she said, in her pretty girlish voice. "I ran away from home with David, and we were quite content to be poor together—because, of course, I never thought for a moment that father would forgive me. It was curious that your married name should be the same as my maiden one—wasn't it?"

"I seem to 'ave 'eard the name before, miss," said Charity slowly. "And, after all, it don't much matter, an' there ain't no bones broke."

"What I wanted to propose was this—and David thinks I am quite right," said the girl shyly. "We are going to take a house in the country, where David can paint his pictures, and where we can get away from the noisy streets—and we would like you to come with us."

"Me, Miss?" said Charity. "I don't seem to see myself in the country, rubbin' elbows, so to speak, with real 'ens an' cows. Wot's the game, Miss, if I might ask?"

"Well—we are both rather young, and very inexperienced," said the bride nervously; "and although we feel we ought to have a house, we shan't quite know what to do with it. Now you, Mrs. Barber, are used to taking care of houses, and I'm sure we should feel that you would be a real help to us. Won't you come?"

For the first time on that eventful day, Charity raised a corner of her apron to her eyes, and turned away her head. "There's summink in the idea, miss," she said, in a whisper, "an' it would be a sort of keepin' the legacy in the famerly—wouldn't it? Write me down as engaged, miss."

FLASHLIGHTS ON SALVATION ARMY WORK

A Queue Outside the Palace Theatre

These men are lounging outside the Palace Theatre in order to bask in the grateful warmth which surges up through the gratings from the engine rooms below—taken at 1.30 a.m.

Flashlight Photos] **A Pitiful Picture—3 a.m. on the Embankment** [*by Shield*

The above picture is only too common a sight in the Metropolis. It is not the vagrant and the tramp alone who spend bitter winter nights roaming the streets, snatching occasional moments of repose on the benches, but "thousands of East London industrious honest men, women and children, who are to-day on the verge of starvation," to quote the words of a well-known East End minister

AT NIGHT AMONG LONDON'S "SUBMERGED TENTH"

Scene in Stanhope Street at Two in the Morning

This queue is waiting for the free distribution of soup and bread which is such a feature of rescue work among London's homeless poor. Some idea of the distress may be gleaned from the report to the L.C.C. of a census taken on January 29 last, which showed that on that night nearly one out of every 2,000 persons in London was tramping the streets in default of a home to go to

Flashlight Photos] **Scene at a Distribution of Hot Soup in the Streets** [*by Shield*

This flashlight photograph was taken at 3 a.m., when some 600 men and 250 women were just being given a large basin of soup by the Salvation Army. Anyone who witnesses this striking scene, which is a nightly occurrence in the winter months, will recall the patient and orderly demeanour of the hungry crowds, and the quick service of the "Army officers" in dealing out the rations

THE WOOING OF AYATINGA:

Drawn for "The Bystander" by F. J. Waugh

The time and place were romantic. Upon his knees Rajjutsinghi waited. Ayatinga was long in making up her mind. Would she accept his proposal, or would she tell him that she would be a sister to him? She did not know.

Of her other lovers there was one who at this moment appeared before her. He was an old man from the hills of Central Asia. Should she play him off against Rajjutsinghi? It would be a fine game. She lingered undetermined.

"I will bring this old thing to reason," said the old man from the hills of Central Asia to himself, "for I shall expose her personal defects. I shall witness Rajjutsinghi's confusion, and I shall win the game. He held out a box of snuff toward her.

"Take a pinch while you are deciding, Ayatinga," he whispered; "it will clear your head and concentrate your mind."

Ayatinga took the proffered snuff. Ah! but it was fine and good as she drew in a long breath.

"Oh, Ayatinga, be mine, be mine, be mine," sighed Rajjutsinghi, and to his sighs as accompaniment

AN EASTERN FABLE

By FREDERICK J. WAUGH

(From the Hindustan.)

came the dismal hootings of many owls, which the old man from Central Asia had gathered by a magic charm.

"Be mine, be mine, be mine. Oh, do not be the old one's!" clamoured Rajjutsinghi, his voice raised a pitch higher than the woodland serenade.

Just then Ayatinga sneezed. It was a big sneeze. It was a wide sneeze. It was a loud sneeze. She sneezed suddenly, and, my friend, how hideous a beautiful woman can look when she sneezes. It was just as the old man from Central Asia had thought. It quite upset Rajjutsinghi, so young, and ardent, and romantic.

"This is sudden," he cried, "very sudden. I like it not. I will go home and think it over, and let you know about it by to-morrow morning."

Then an awful thought dawned upon her. For the first time did Ayatinga realise that her train of lovers was to be from that time forth less a Prince, and that Prince, Rajjutsinghi, the darling idol of his rich papa, the Maharajah of Jatpurana.

HOW IT HAPPENED

By ARTHUR APPLIN

He met her in a 'bus on a certain evening as he was returning home from the City; one meets many strange things in a 'bus, and it was a wonder he noticed her. Perhaps it was because he seldom travelled in an omnibus and seldom took any notice of women.

Now she was merely a very pretty woman; one occasionally meets very pretty women even in London 'buses. The few women Fate had thrown him in contact with were dark. The girl opposite to him was fair.

The most ardent admirer of summer will, after a few years' existence in the tropics, return joyfully to an English spring, and grow young again.

Mark Ambrose looked at the girl opposite to him; he looked at her face hidden beneath a big white veil: he looked at her foot, hidden beneath a buckled shoe; and she drew her skirts further down, with a swish suggestive of frills and silk.

That big white veil hid so much; large eyes, blue probably, a mouth, red, that wanted to smile, but perhaps seldom found an opportuni y; and hair—was it gold or brown?

She left the 'bus before he did, and entered a block of small flats not four hundred yards from his own house.

And all would have been well, only four days later he again entered a 'bus and Fate, with a smile, hoisted her into the same vehicle beside him. He would never have seen her had not the conductor rung the bell too soon, and the 'bus lurched, and she, trodden on his toes.

The charitable persons who wrote, "Please stop the horses as seldom as possible," little dreamt they were giving Mark Ambrose an excuse for inexcusable conduct; he read the notice carefully, and when she stopped the 'bus, four hundred yards from his house, he alighted also—to save the horses, or was it, perhaps, to save his toes?

And the errand boy who dropped the peel of his orange just outside Sloane Mansions little guessed the consequences of his carelessness.

She stepped on it and fell; and, when she tried to rise, found that her ankle was sprained.

Of course, Mark Ambrose ran to her assistance; any man (or woman) would have done the same.

"Thank you," she said with a sob of pain; "perhaps if you would give me your arm as far as my flat door——"

"I am afraid you are hurt!"

"Only my ankle," she replied, trying to smile through the mud and confusion that covered her.

She limped a yard, and then would have fallen if he had not supported her.

He hesitated a moment; the street was almost empty; in another second she was in his arms and he was carrying her across the courtyard.

"Number 47, the third floor; can you manage to——"

"Don't talk," he interrupted; "of course I can."

He was a little out of breath before 47 greeted him, but that was the fault of London.

"I'm afraid my servant is out—the key is in my pocket. I think I can stand if you give me your hand."

He gently lowered her to the ground, and put an arm round her whilst she found the latchkey and unlocked the door. Then, as he took her again in his arms, she fainted.

The door on the left was open; he carried her into the room and laid her on the chesterfield. He did not hesitate now, but, with clumsy and nervous fingers, untied the big white veil and sprinkled water on her forehead.

Presently she opened her eyes, and the colour sprang to the white cheeks.

"I'm so sorry. What a fool——"

"Hush!" he said. "Lie quite still; I will send for a doctor."

He left the room. In the courtyard he found a man who, when he saw silver, promised to bring him a surgeon.

Did Fate know that the surgeon would be out?

Then he returned to flat No. 47.

"I'm afraid I cannot move, it is so painful."

"You're awfully plucky," he said, and began to feel he was masculine, and oughtn't to be.

She smiled, and pointed to a smelling-bottle on the dressing-table.

The minutes fled, but no doctor arrived; he could see she was suffering intensely. At last he said jerkily, looking at the ceiling:

"I'm a bit of a doctor myself. I studied medicine years ago. You'd better let me——"

Though his hands shook terribly, he took off her shoe without drawing a cry of pain from her lips; then he pulled at the stocking, unsuccessfully. It seemed a pity to cut it, but——

She understood his dilemma—you see, he wasn't really a doctor—and so she fainted again.

The ankle was red, and hot, and swollen: quite a small ankle too.

"I'm going to forage in the kitchen and boil some water; then you must soak your foot in it, as hot as you can bear."

He filled a basin and made her comfortable on the couch and then he sat by her side and waited for the doctor.

But the doctor never came.

And that is why, last year, society admitted Mr. Mark Ambrose, the confirmed bachelor, into the ranks of confirmed benedicts, and advised his young and charming wife to see that he bought his boots a size larger, and went to and from the City in his new motor-car.

But the gods smiled, and Fate is still watching to catch the unwary.

Sometimes Fate is kind!

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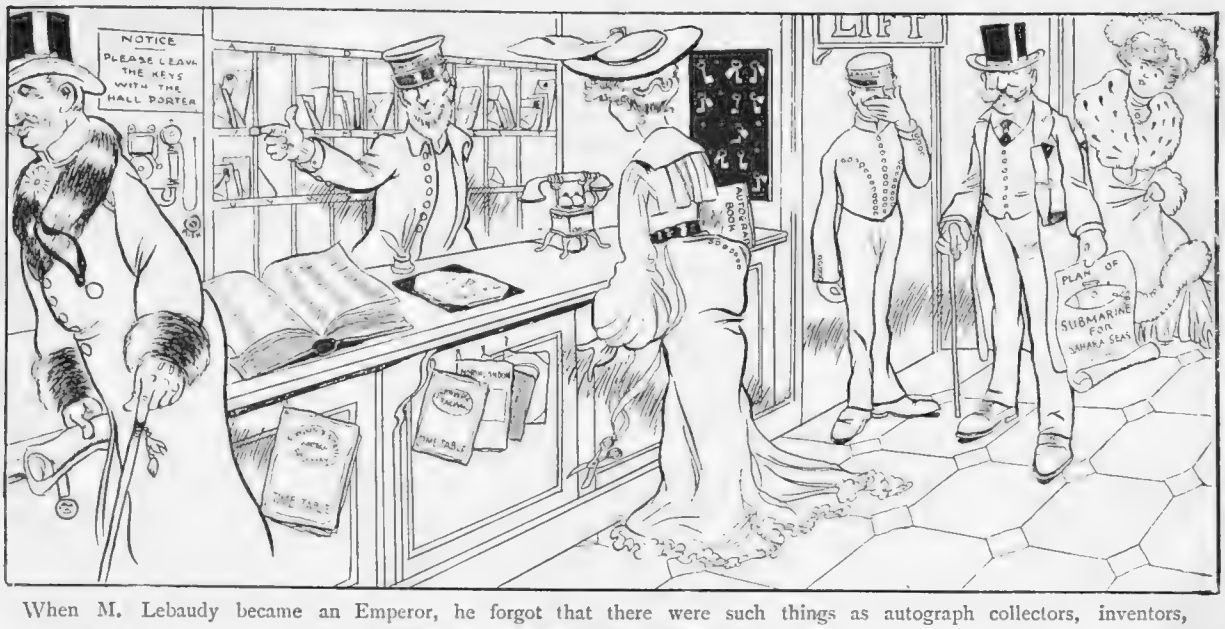
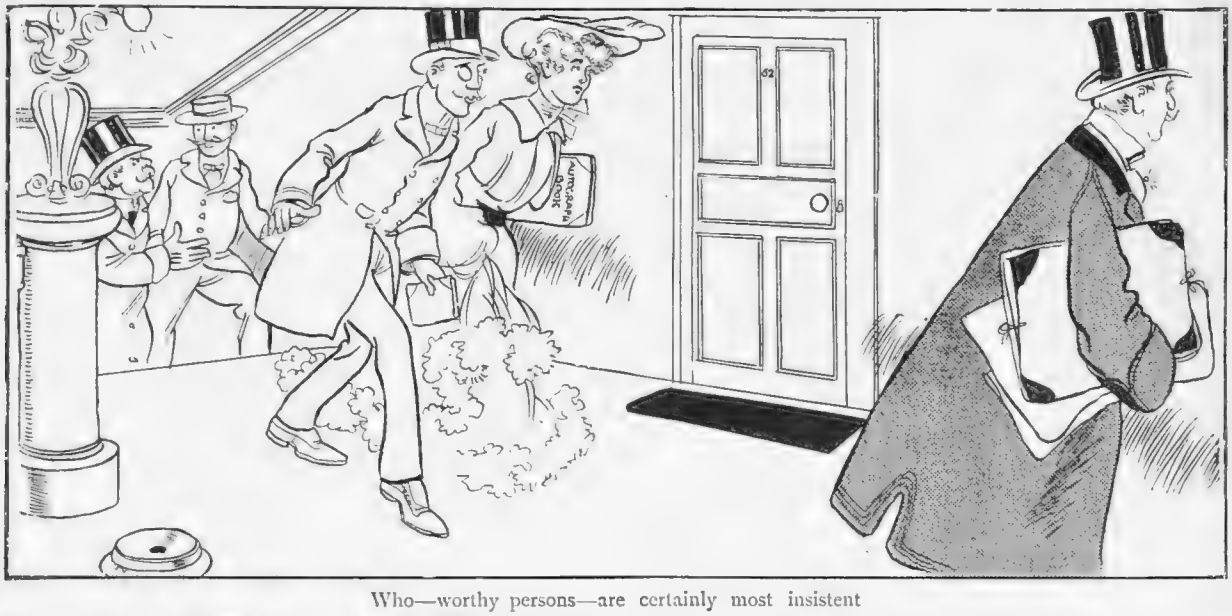


When M. Lebaudy became an Emperor, he forgot that there were such things as autograph collectors, inventors, diplomatists wanting posts, concessionaires, etc.



Who—worthy persons—are certainly most insistent

And in their search for something material, necessitate precautions. It is said that the Emperor intends to abdicate at an early date

THE TRIBULATIONS OF A SAHARAN EMPEROR

THE ANNUNCIATION, March 25

By LOUIS COUPERUS

(Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos)

I.

In the East Corridor of the Uffizi, the "Annunciation" by Simone Martini and Lippo Memmi, of Siena, glitters like a ray of gold.

II.

The Angel has just descended surprising the Holy Maid, where she sat on her chair inlaid with ivory, a cloth of gold behind her, her prayer-book in her hand. . . .

When the Angel descended, his glory shone upon everything and turned all to gold. For a golden light has irradiated the whole architecture of the Virgin's chamber and its atmosphere has become as an atmosphere of gold, of visible dust—gold, as though the shimmering of the air had become visible and turned to gold. Of gold, but ethereal gold, and not gold of metal, but gold of angel's glory, are the three arches of the room. And in the middle of the middle arch the haloed dove of the Holy Ghost descends in a garland of little heavenly doves, double-winged, miraculous birds with cherubs' faces.

The Angel has sunk down upon his knees, the Angel from his mystic Heaven, in his gold-blue brocade, that gleams gold in his own light, but is a deep dark blue in the folds of his robe. About him hang bands, embroidered with sacred legends. . . . He has just sunk down, less than a second ago, for his slender feathered wings still stand erect, as though but this moment folded together, and his red-brown-gold mantle, bound round his neck, still has one skirt flapping in the air, in the last movement of his angel's flight through the spheres.

His face is long and pale and thin; and his half-closed eyes, under their slightly slanting brows, give something haughtily Chinese to his beauty, as though he were a young mandarin's son. But yet his waving hair is fair, and round it is a wide splendour of olive leaves; a jewelled ornament, like a little diadem, fastens it to his forehead.

In one of his long, slender hands he holds a branch of olive; the other raises its forefinger, as though the Angel were asking for attention.

And now he opens his lips and speaks his words, which, as though by a miracle, become gold and visible amid the dust-gold of the atmosphere of the sacred chamber, and in gold are wafted to the Virgin. . . . . Gold across the tall and slender lilies that

grow in a golden vase between them two, the Angel and the Maid:

"AVE GRATIA PLENA, DOMINUS TECUM. . . "

III.

Mary has started but for a moment, as though already a sacred presentiment had passed through her and the Annunciation were nothing other than what she expected. . . . She has remained seated in her chair inlaid with ivory, behind her a cloth of gold, but she has retreated a little, just shyly shrinking back. With one hand she still holds her book, with a finger between the leaves, as though not to lose the page she was reading; the other holds the dark blue cloak, which also covers her head, a little tighter round her open throat.

And that blue cloak, hemmed with arabesques, moulds all her sacred form, and frames her face, the sister-face of the Angel's, delicately Chinese, as of a mandarin's daughter, with the eyes closing beneath their heavy lids and slanting brows, the long nose, the drooping mouth; that chaste cloak moulds her wholly, and gives but a glimpse of the red skirt beneath. . .

Already the halo gleams around her head. A look of pity rises from under the Messenger's glance, as though already he knew of her sorrows that are to come. . . . But she accepts in pious resignation and without pride, accepts thus because she had a presentiment not yet of her sorrows, but of the Annunciation, spoken in golden words of miracle, passing through angel's glory that shone upon everything around:

"AVE GRATIA PLENA, DOMINUS TECUM. . . "

IV.

In the East Corridor of the Uffizi, the "Annunciation" by Simone Martini and Lippo Memmi, of Siena, glitters like a ray of gold.

George, First Marquis of Townshend

A Reynolds portrait recently bought at the sale of the Townshend heirlooms by Mr. Wertheimer for 2,100 guineas

SCENES IN AND ABOUT THE CAPITAL OF THE TSAR

The Cathedral of St. Isaac of Dalmatia

St. Isaac's Cathedral, which is called the Queen of St. Petersburg churches, was begun in 1819 by Catherine II., and finished in 1858. A curious feature of Russian churches is that no seats are permitted, save occasionally for the Emperor and Empress, all the congregation standing. St. Isaac's has one large and lofty and four smaller domes, all of which are gilded

H.I.H. The Empress of Russia Sleighing: A Snapshot Taken in the Streets of St. Petersburg

In less dangerous times it was the custom for the Royal Family often to drive through the streets unattended, though this is rarely done now. The nets seen on the horses are to prevent the snow flying in the faces of the occupants of the sleigh

A Russian Holiday: At Vanity Fair

Very little pleasure enters the life of Russians of the lower classes, that being the monopoly of the rich. Yet, as our illustration shows, fairs are sometimes held and are well patronised. It is curious to notice the number of men in military costume mingling with the crowd. In the Agricultural Districts, Fete Day is always preceded by a long church service, which is attended by old and young in holiday costume

Travelling in the Streets of the Tsar's Capital

The old horse car still lingers in the streets of St. Petersburg, as it does in many parts of London. As St. Petersburg cars never stop to pick up a passenger or to enable one to alight, elderly people are at a disadvantage

Young Russia out for a Walk

The boys shown in the above photograph belong to one of the many military schools in St. Petersburg

Winter Scene on the Nevskoi Prospekt, St. Petersburg

The Nevskoi Prospekt might be called the St. Petersburg "Strand," for along this street, life in the Russian capital is seen to the best advantage. The shopkeepers have no use for the huge lettered placards and advertisements so common to English and American towns, owing to the illiteracy of the majority of their customers Instead, painted signs are used, and they form quite a picturesque featu e

Another View of the Nevskoi Prospekt, St. Petersburg

All the streets in St. Petersburg are broad, but the houses, for the most part, do not do them justice, being entirely out of proportion. The long lines of houses built of brick and covered with stucco, give the streets a dull, rigid appearance, which is made more noticeable by the gorgeous palaces which they surround

A St. Petersburg Street Seller

The above represents a scene in the "Bazaar," which is situated in the lower quarter of the town. It is a maze of narrow alleys, in which thousands of traders are at work. The visitor is advised not to penetrate this quarter alone, as the cry of "Stop Thief!" is frequently heard. The picture gives a good idea of the dress necessary in order to keep out the intense cold

Winners of Our First Bridge Competition

Of £25 and TEN PRIZES of £1 1s.

Of the first four competitors it was impossible to say that one had played the rubber better than another. In the solution of one hand one had slightly the better of it; in the solution of another, another had slightly the better of it, so that on the whole rubber they came out equal. It has therefore been decided that it is fairest to divide the First Prize of £25 between them, and cheques to the winners have been posted to-day.

Prizes of £6 5s. have been Awarded to:

CAPTAIN R. HELY-HUTCHINSON, Falmouth House, Cargate Avenue, Aldershot.

JOHN NACHBAR, Esq., 30F, Great Marylebone Street, London, W.

JOSEPH BROWN, Esq., 14, Upper Leeson Street, Dublin.

A. T. NICHOLSON, Esq., Kingswood House, Epsom.

Prizes of One Guinea have been awarded to:

W. F. Colclough, Esq., Bainton House, Sherborne, Dorset.

Miss Kathleen Fottrell, 9, St. James's Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin.

J. W. Powell, Esq., Leigh, Worcester.

C. S. Wentworth Reeve, Esq., Livermere Park, Bury St. Edmunds.

M. Waldo Sibthorp, Esq., Canwick Hall, Lincoln.

R. H. S. Truell, Esq., West Mount, Dover.

C. Revington, Esq., Central Asylum, Dundrum, Co. Dublin.

I. T. Considine, Esq., Central Asylum, Dundrum, Co. Dublin.

C. de Z. Marshall, Esq., Shortwood, Teddington.

K. E. Francis, Esq., 9, Francis Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

The Solutions of the following deserve Honourable Mention:

H. R. Drew, Esq., 6, Brunswick Gardens, Kensington.

F. T. Frampton, Esq., Lansdowne, Paignton, South Devon.

W. H. Himbury, Esq., F.R.G.S., Gatton Point, Redhill, Surrey.

Captain D. Y. H. Bengough, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, Devonport.

Miss F. M. Beaumont, Hatfield Hall, Wakefield.

Henry Hawker, Esq., Hoe Garden House, Plymouth.

Major Rich, Mountain Ash, Abbey Wood.

H. P. Darling, Esq., East Riding Club, Hull.

Mrs. Webster, 23, Dalby Square, Manchester.

J. V. Edmonds, Esq., Hare Court, Temple, London.

Miss Constance Ogbourne, Efford, Holbeton.

Miss Harford, Blaise Castle, Hembury.

Mrs. R. Hely-Hutchinson, Falmouth House, Cargate Avenue, Aldershot.

C. Van Lennep, Esq., 3, Holland Park, London, W.

Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, Donhead, Camberley.

A. G. Wilson, Esq., Belvoir Park, Belfast.

H. L. Sawes, Esq., Holinside, Coventry.

Miss F. Pownall, 12, Cumberland Terrace, London, N.W.

F. R. Haddan, Esq., 20, Alleyn Park, West Dulwich.

Arthur Wrench Towse, Esq., Marlow Road, Bromley.

Most of the competitors showed a high level of play which is very gratifying; and a match between the first four would be fascinating to watch. Many of the competitors, however, betrayed a weakness in the over-boldness of their declarations. On the third hand a number of them declared no-trumps. Now had the score been twenty-four to love against him, the dealer would be justified in taking such a risk; but at love-all it is mere recklessness. Some of the players in their notes talked of its being a six-trick hand; but I cannot see that the dealer has any right to look for such an extraordinary conjunction of luck as would make it anything of the kind. All the best players left the declaration to their partner, or, at the most, declared clubs. Some players, again, declared no-trumps on Hand VI., which is only an average hand; whereas, the rule is that the minimum no-trump declaration is a queen above the strength of an average hand with three suits properly guarded. In Hand VIII. a surprising number of players made the mistake of establishing the dealer's ten of spades, when it must be perfectly clear to the leader, that he can always make five tricks, even if the dealer hold the six best clubs and two other aces, by holding up his spades, and that he may therefore very well wait and try to make a sixth trick.

Hand IV. raises a difficult point of leading. A has four little trumps in spades, and his partner has doubled them. Should he lead his highest or his lowest? The rule is absolute, and goes into italics on the matter. "If it is the leader's partner who doubles, the leader is *bound* to lead his *highest* trump immediately. No matter how many trumps the leader may have, he is bound to lead them from the highest downwards." I am inclined to think myself that, with four little ones, the leader should be allowed to lead from the lowest upwards to show four. But perhaps it is better to leave the rule as it is: on the whole, it is not worth while multiplying them to secure a rare advantage.

Next week we shall give another hand to play, the prizes for which will be:

£3 3 0	- First Prize
£2 2 0	- Second Prize
£1 1 0	- Third Prize

We are also shortly offering a great number of packs of pneumatic cards and morocco bridge cases, specially manufactured for "The Bystander."

"Problematicus."

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Disraeli." By G. Walter Sichel. (Methuen: 12*s.* 6d. net.)

"Manchuria and Korea." By H. J. Whigham. (Isbister: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Life of Dean Farrar." By his Son, Reginald Farrar. (Nisbet: 6*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Napoleon of Notting Hill." By G. K. Chesterton. A Romance of London a hundred years hence. (Lane: 6*s.*)

"Yarborough the Premier." By A. R. Weekes. The first novel to appear under the auspices of "The Magpie Club." (Harper: 6*s.*)

"The Triumph of Mrs. St. George." By Percy White. (Nash: 6*s.*)

"The Gage of Red and White." By Graham Hope. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)

(Owing to pressure on our space, we regret to have to hold over our Book Review)

Books to Appear Shortly

Several papers of singular interest will be published for the first time in the twelfth volume of the new edition of Ruskin, due next month. One of these—"Principles of Taxation and Fiscal Policy"—though written by Ruskin in 1852, is still of topical importance. An essay by Ruskin on "Baptism," and ten years' "Notes on the Louvre," are among the other items to be published for the first time. The volume will also include the famous "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds," which has continued to mislead people by its title ever since it appeared in 1851. There was quite a run on this treatise among Midland farmers when it first came out, and naturally their reception of it was anything but flattering. The story is also told of a librarian, mistaken in the same way as to the nature of the book, who bound it up between "Suggestions as to Eating Off Turnips with Stock" and "An Enquiry Concerning the Best Materials for Smearing."

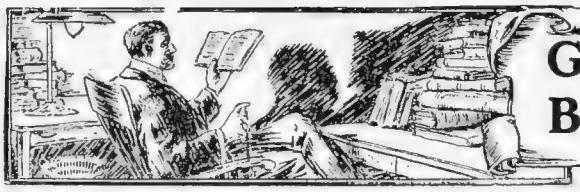
It is again asserted that the late Queen of the Belgians left a volume of memoirs, and that it is to be published in Germany. If so, it should throw a flood of light upon the painful history of the Belgian Royal Family, one chapter of which has recently been dragged before the public in a court of law. Another royal autobiography, which is said to be now virtually completed, is that of the ex-Empress Eugénie, though it is not to be published until twenty-five years after her death The manuscript is always kept under lock and key, and no one has ever been allowed to look through it.

We are to have another book of poems this spring from "Carmen Sylva," the literary Queen of Queens. Her Majesty of Roumania, though she celebrated her sixtieth birthday not long ago, is still very romantic and devoted to both art and letters. She works as a rule in a little hunting *châlet* overlooking a rippling brook near King Charles's summer palace in the Carpathians. Her new book is to be called "Sweet Hours"—perhaps to commemorate her literary life amid these idyllic surroundings. The poems are to make their first appearance in their English translation, which Messrs. Everett will publish.

A timely companion volume to "Carmen Sylva's" book should be "Kings and Queens I have known," by Mlle. Hélène Vacaresco, who has long been the intimate friend of the Queen of Roumania, and has collaborated with her in several volumes of verse. Mlle. Vacaresco has met all the reigning sovereigns of Europe through this connection, and has many good stories to relate concerning them. Her book is coming from Messrs. Harper.

The other week we announced the forthcoming publication of Miss Gordon-Cumming's "Memories." Now we hear that a popular edition is to be issued by Mr. Murray of the lion-hunting reminiscences of her brother, Roualeyn Gordon-Cumming, who died nearly forty years ago. Roualeyn Gordon-Cumming's book originally appeared in two volumes in 1850, and made him the lion of the season in London. Very few sportsmen in those days had ventured into Africa to shoot big game, and his account of his adventures had an immense sale. A year later, the "Lion-slayer," as he came to be called, exhibited his trophies at the Great Exhibition, and subsequently he made a highly successful lecturing tour with his skins through England. In 1858, Gordon-Cumming founded his museum at Fort Augustus, on the Caledonial Canal, and settled there. One of the remarkable things about his career was that he had the Scottish premonition of death, for he made his will and ordered his coffin just before he died—exactly thirty-eight years ago to-morrow.

A Mohammedan pilgrim to the shrine of the Prophet in 1902 was daring enough to take a camera with him, and seems to have made good use of it. Mecca is still guarded with such jealous care that discovery might have cost the pilgrim his life. He did his work undetected, however, and also made copious notes of his adventures, and of the many curious details of the "Great Pilgrimage." These notes, together with the photographs, were forwarded to Mr. Wilfrid Sparroy in England, whose book, prepared from these materials, will shortly be published by Mr. Lane.



Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Mr. Frederick Greenwood

The other week I made some reference to Mr. Frederick Greenwood and his brother James. Since then I have had the pleasure of a long and interesting chat with the celebrated founder of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who has the credit of having introduced to the public some of the most notable writers of our time. It is said that Mr. Thomas Hardy owed his first real encouragement in letters to the happy chance which brought "Under the Greenwood Tree" to the notice of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, then editing the *Cornhill*, and led him to commission the young novelist to write a serial for that magazine. That story was "Far from the Madding Crowd." Mr. Barrie was another of Mr. Greenwood's *protégés*, and we have a pleasant memorial of the fact in the dedication of his "Auld Licht Idylls." But the veteran journalist is one of the most unassuming men that ever occupied an editorial chair, and I heard him, the other night at a literary gathering, gently deprecate the habit of praising an editor for his "discoveries." He considered that it was only an editor's duty to recognise and encourage literary talent wherever he found it. If all editors were so sympathetic to unknown contributors as he has been, the lot of the literary worker would be much happier than it is.

Photo by] **Mr. Frederick Greenwood** *[Russell*

The well-known author and journalist who founded the *Pall Mall Gazette*

A Famous Telegram

I never see Mr. Greenwood—who looks more like a rural solicitor of the old school than a journalist on whose words Ministers of the Crown have been known to wait with anxiety—but I remember the romantic story of how he did a magnificent service to the Empire. He was editing the *Pall Mall Gazette* at the time that the Khedive decided to sell out his holding in the Suez Canal, and on receiving an early and exclusive telegram from his Egyptian correspondent containing this important news, he put it in his pocket and went at once to Lord Beaconsfield, who was thus enabled to secure the Khedive's shares for the English Crown. One can imagine how the editor of some of our "yellow" papers would have acted in similar circumstances!

More About Misquotation

I fully expected, when I wrote in a recent issue about Stevenson's mangling of four lines from the translation of a Canadian Gaelic boat-song, that I should hear from correspondents who would think I had myself been guilty of misquotation when I gave the familiar line, "From the lone shieling on the misty island," as ending with the word "hill.' I have not been disappointed. Several gentle readers have taken me to task, and one perfervid Scot, who drops at times into the vernacular, requests me to verify my references. Others tell me, on curt postcards, that if R. L. S. was "grievously wrong," so is J. A. H. One good friend has gone to the trouble of copying out the whole song from *Tait's Magazine* of 1849, where, he states "it originally appeared." Moreover, he reminds me of a fact which I had forgotten, that in Miss Moyes Black's monograph of Stevenson the misquotation is pointed out, and the correct history of the verses given. All this is very interesting and, to me, amusing, as it so happens I had verified my reference before I wrote, and if my correspondents have been making merry at my expense, perhaps they will allow me the pleasure of laughing last!

The Story of a Song

The history of this famous poem goes back exactly twenty years earlier than its first misquotation in *Tait's*, for Messrs. Blackwood possess the original manuscript of it from the hand of John Gibson Lockhart, who made use of it in one of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" papers in *Blackwood's Magazine* of September, 1829. It was there given as having been sent to the writer "by a friend in Upper Canada," and there is every reason to believe this friend was none

other than John Galt, the real originator of the so-called "Kailyard" school. When the verses were reproduced in *Tait's Magazine*, twenty years later, they were wrongly ascribed to the twelfth Earl of Eglinton. "Hill" is more appropriate to the sense of the verse than "island," though I grant you the latter would seem to be the likelier word, as all the other quatrains have alternate rhymes; but if it is not so in the first and only authentic version, I submit that to take the liberty of altering the line is to misquote it. I trust this explanation will restore me to the good graces of my critics, who are expecting me to "sit corrected."

What is "Serendipity"?

Some little time ago, when it chanced that I had to refer for personal particulars of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell to the indispensable "Who's Who," I found this gentleman had entered as his recreation "serendipity," and I am free to confess that I was gravelled for an explanation. But I laid by the word in my mental lumber-room, knowing that in due time I should find the key to unlock its mysteries. In an American magazine I have just come upon the explanation, and as it is conceivable there are others whose ignorance in this connection may equal my own, let me give them the benefit of my new-found knowledge. It would appear that Horace Walpole, though not the first to give the thing itself a local habitation, was at least the first to dower it with a name. In describing it to a friend, he said: "You will understand it better by the derivation than by the definition. I once read a silly fairy tale called 'The Three Princes of Serendip.' As their Highnesses travelled they were always making discoveries, by accident and sagacity, of things for which they were not in quest. For instance, one of them discovered that a mule, blind of the right eye, had travelled the same road lately, because the grass was eaten only on the left side, where it was worse than on the right. Now do you understand serendipity?" Walpole goes on to describe, as the most remarkable example of the thing, how "my Lord Shaftesbury, who, happening to dine at Lord Chancellor Clarendon's, found out the marriage of the Duke of York and Mrs. Hyde by the respect with which her mother treated her at the table." It seems to me that serendipity is a sort of Sherlock-Holmesity, the accidental nature of the former becoming, in the latter, a deliberate system, and thereby losing all its charm. As Walpole considered "The Three Princes of Serendip" a silly tale, I fancy he would have voted the stories of the serio-comic Holmes stupid beyond words; but the public is easily pleased.

Mr. Inglis Allen
Whose humorous sketches are familiar to readers of THE BYSTANDER

Mr. Inglis Allen

The most welcome of writers is always the humorist, and among the more recent additions to the ranks of our authors who have the high gift of moving us to laughter none is more welcome than Mr. Inglis Allen, whose "Highways and Byways" achieved so well-deserved a success last year. Mr. Allen is only twenty-five years of age, and is a bright product of Oriel College, Oxford; but his humorous outlook on life is all his own. There must be something in heredity, however, as his great-grandfather was none other than Douglas Jerrold, although the latter, in the portraits I am familiar with, was not very athletic-looking, whereas Mr. Allen is a splendid specimen of young British manhood. He owes his success entirely to his own merits and to no adventitious aid, his first contribution to *Punch* having been sent in as the work of any outsider. Prior to the publication of "Highways and Byways," Mr. Allen had written two books, distinguished by the same healthy strain of humour and shrewd appreciation of character: "A 'Varsity Man" and "A Graduate in Love." "It would be sheer madness," he tells me, "to omit mentioning that he was secretary of the football club at the Merchant Taylors School and at Oriel, and rowed in his college eight." To preserve my reputation for sanity, I willingly give these essential facts.

A Dutch Author

Mr. Louis Couperus the author of "The Annunciation" which appears in this issue, is one whose works are not so well known in England as they deserve to be, though he has long been in high repute in his own country. I recollect especially a beautiful story of his, entitled "Eline Vere," translated by his fellow-countryman Mr. J. T. Grein, the dramatic critic, twelve years ago. His brilliant compatriot, who is widely known in England as "Maarten Maartens," had achieved a reputation as a novelist in this country long before his fellow-Dutchmen knew that he was guilty of writing books.

J. A. H.

A Famous Rose-Grower

Our readers will be glad to have the accompanying photograph of Mr. Edward Mawley, whose life-long devotion to the Queen of Flowers has made him one of the first authorities on everything connected with the growing and exhibiting of roses. The photograph was taken last November in Mr. Mawley's garden at Rosebank, Berkhampstead, and was recently shown at a lecture by the owner as an illustration of the mildness of last autumn. The seedling dahlia, which Mr. Mawley is examining, is still in perfect trim, and dahlias, as everybody knows, are amongst the first flowers to be touched by any frost.

Photo by *Newman*

Mr. Edward Mawley, F.R.H.S.

Who is an authority on everything pertaining to roses and their cultivation

Roses, Roses All the Way

Our next two photographs show beds of roses in Mr. Mawley's garden at Rosebank. Those intended for exhibition must be carefully shielded alike from rain and heavy dew, which will spoil the texture of their petals, and from hot sun, which will filch their colour. They must therefore be guarded by the little adaptable umbrellas shown in the photograph. These are of calico, on a light wire frame, made to slide up and down the wooden posts and to be fixed by means of a wire pin at the required height. Notice, also, the light mulch which Mr. Mawley recommends should be applied to the buds in June, in order to keep the soil "moister and less liable to changes of temperature than it would otherwise be." Unremitting attention is necessary to bring roses to the exhibition table in prize-taking condition, but, as Mr. Mawley points out in the valuable book to which we have already referred in these columns :

> The great charm that the rose possesses over most other flowers for exhibition purposes is that it is a true amateur's flower—a flower that any amateur with moderate leisure can cultivate entirely with his own hands ; or, if the collection be too large to allow of this being done, he can undertake the lighter and more important parts of the work himself, and leave the digging, manuring, and watering to be carried out by the gardeners under his own special supervision.

And, again :

> It is often thought by non-exhibitors that the fine blooms they see at the rose shows are almost entirely the result of heavy manuring. This is a great mistake, for the size and quality of the flowers depend much more on the free use of the hoe and the unremitting attention that exhibitors bestow on their plants than on the amount of nourishment they may have received in the way of manure.

So may the enthusiastic rose-growing novice look forward to a time when his blooms shall vie at the shows of the National Rose Society and elsewhere, with those of the famous growers.

APæony Garden

No one who has ever seen the finer sorts of Tree Pæonies in flower but must have wished to grow them himself. The most effective way to do this is to give them a semi-wild garden to themselves. I have mine on a gentle slope, where a lawn leaves off, and the unmown grass which borders it spreads in an open space before losing itself amongst shrubs. There is room here for about twenty-five of these noble-looking plants, placed six feet apart or more, in holes specially dug deep and filled with rich soil for them ; and this corner of my garden will be one of the most attractive of all when the plants become established. They were only planted last autumn, and, alas ! there will be a wait of three or four years before results begin to show. But patience is the first lesson a gardener learns, and to exercise his imagination is the second ; so that the pleasure of the future has already exercised itself in the present.

Photo by *Newman*

A Corner of Mr. Mawley's Rose Garden at Rosebank, Berkhampstead

The exhibition roses are shielded from sun and rain by the little adaptable umbrellas shown

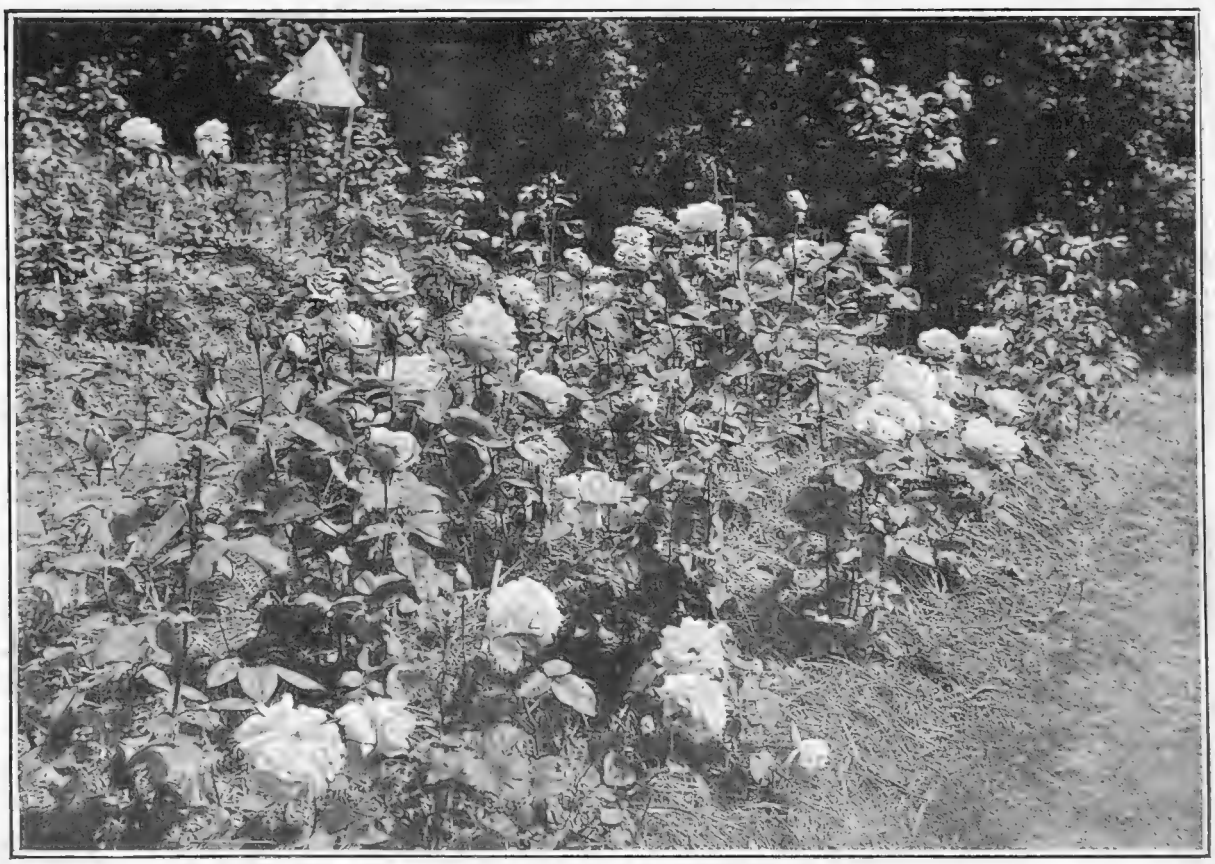


Photo by *Newman*

Some Magnificent Specimens of the "Queen of Flowers"

This photograph shows the light mulch Mr. Mawley recommends rose-growers to spread in June, to keep the soil "moister and less liable to changes of temperature"

Tree Pæonies

Both varieties of the pæony, the herbaceous and the shrubby, delight in rich soil and generous cultivation; but while the former is happier in the shade, the Tree Pæony loves the sun. Protection it ought to have from boisterous and cutting winds, but otherwise it is quite hardy, and the wonder is that, considering the gorgeous effect made by its great fluttering flowers it is not grown more widely. It will even grow in poor soil, although it appreciates good feeding. The holes dug to receive the roots should be about two feet each way, and plenty of half-rotted cow manure should be incorporated with the soil. The Tree Pæony is usually grafted on to the roots of one of the herbaceous varieties, and the graft should be buried a few inches, so that new roots may be encouraged to break out above the point of working. The best time to plant is in September, and this although the plants are in full leaf. They will then have a chance of throwing out fresh roots and establishing themselves before the winter, whereas if they are planted in the spring a season is sometimes lost. They are very slow growers, and flowers must not be expected until the third year after planting. After that time they ought to do well and blossom profusely. They flower early in May, before the time of blooming for the herbaceous varieties. A top dressing of cow manure is beneficial to them, and they may be treated to an occasional dose of liquid manure when the buds are beginning to form.

Photo by] **Dwarf Pinks in the Rock Garden** [*Newman*

These sweet-smelling flowers, which blossom in early spring, make admirable clusters for a rockery

The Threshold of Spring

Here are two other pictures from this garden where the Rose reigns as queen, while other flowers throng round her as courtiers. The crocuses must have shown their early splendour on the freshening green of the grass for many seasons past, for they grow very thickly. They are planted under a weeping ash, and it would perhaps have been better if the bulbs had not been set in such a definite circle, but the outer circumference broken up by jetting capes of colour and scattered outlying groups. The effect, however, of this brilliant patch of colour at a time when the eye has not yet become used to the wealth of blossom which the crocus ushers in must be delightful.

In the Rock Garden

Dianthus cæsius is one of the prettiest of dwarf Pinks. It bears its sweet-scented rosy flowers in early spring, and blossoms profusely in the chinks and crannies of an old wall. Some sort of stone it must have for its roots to cling to, or it will perish. It grows wild on the rocks at Cheddar, in Somersetshire.

Photo by] **The Threshold of Spring** [*Newman*

A brilliant bed of crocuses planted under a weeping ash in Mr. Mawley's garden. Blossoming so early, these form a striking contrast to the general wintry appearance of the rest of the garden

A FISHING IDYLL

A Change of Fly

Just Over Him

Waiting for Him to Rise

Got Him

Playing Him

Landing Him

Facts and Fiction

As has been previously remarked, these pages are indited simply and solely in the interests of the amateur, and in this connection it is a relief to be able to get away from questions of opinion which can never pretend in any degree to finality, and are often of a tentative nature, to those matters which at times come into one's purview and are based on the much more substantial foundation of knowledge. My own idea is that it is of little utility to lay down axioms unless one *knows*, and one only knows as to the practicability of some modern vehicles either from one's own personal vicissitudes or from information given by one's friends, who are not only actual owners, but who are also willing to place their experiences at one's disposal, dispensing with the recital of the motor-car fairy tale, by the side of which the old fashioned and now effete fishing story is but the mildest known form of hyperbole.

A Car's "Life"

It is frequently asserted that the "life" of an automobile is but short, and so we will for a moment consider this matter. Two years ago I bought my second motor-car, and since that time it has been running every day, in all weathers, covering some 12,000 miles, and as a result it has had to go to the coachbuilders to be repainted. While there the engine was all "taken down" with a view to replacing any worn bearings, and except that the gudgeon-pin required fitting and that one piston-ring was found to be stuck, nothing else whatever required any attention. I imagined that a heavy fly-wheel revolving for two years on plain bearings lined with white metal, would have worn them down somewhat. It was not so. It was anticipated that the cylinder walls might be looking somewhat the worse—they were merely polished like a mirror. I have now got it back again and can only say that it looks better and runs far better than when it was brand new out of the factory, so I am bound to confess that the question of senile decay need present no terrors to the careful and the cautious motorist so long as he provides himself in the first instance with a vehicle which is solidly and substantially put together, and is as devoid of complications as is possible for it to be.

The Stanley Silencer

I have now had some months' trial of this new exhaust box, and am entirely satisfied with it. It gave a marked increase in the power of the car on taking the place of the older and smaller one, in which there must have been some back pressure, and the valves show at present no signs of burning or pitting. It is as silent as it is healthy for a silencer to be, and I am pleased to be able strongly to recommend it, especially as a good big one only costs £2 10*s*.

"British Built"

Owing to the manner in which the new Crossley car was introduced both to the Press and to the public, it has been referred to in most journals dealing with automobile matters (including even a professional paper carrying such weight as does the *Engineer)* as being British built, and now that the Show is over, and after thousands of people have had their fill of gaping at it, there comes from Messrs. Crossley Brothers the somewhat belated information that all they have made of it consists of the engine, the carburettor, and the regulator, and that they assembled the gear and set up the frames; but it seems almost a pity that all this was not duly set out a little earlier in the day. A car may be "built" in Great Britain of the best of foreign components, such as frames, springs, wheels, gears, etc., which are imported from abroad, as, indeed, almost all so-called British cars are, and it is most unfortunate, and a bad augury for the industry as a whole, that they cannot be so straightforwardly described when they first appear.

The Reilloc Tyre

The Collier people have now brought out a padded solid tyre which is intended to suit the purse of the moderate man It has a detachable outer cover, and the place of the usual inflated inner tube is taken by a pad of high-grade elastic rubber. It is called the Reilloc, and there is good reason to believe it to be a practical success.

"Havering"

It *is* so odd how ideas of people differ as regards the utility of mechanical vehicles on the roads. One always appreciates to the full plain speaking on these matters, and I do not think we should leave the opinion to be buried in an Aberdeen newspaper that a Resident of Deeside objects to the presence of motor-cars on the road to Braemar. In fact, he suggests that the inhabitants of those parts should get up a petition to the King "in order to prevent this highway from becoming a howling hell of petrol driven monstrosities"! which he thinks will "drive away three-fourths of the visitors on whose support so many depend for their living." Hoot awa', mon! Havers!

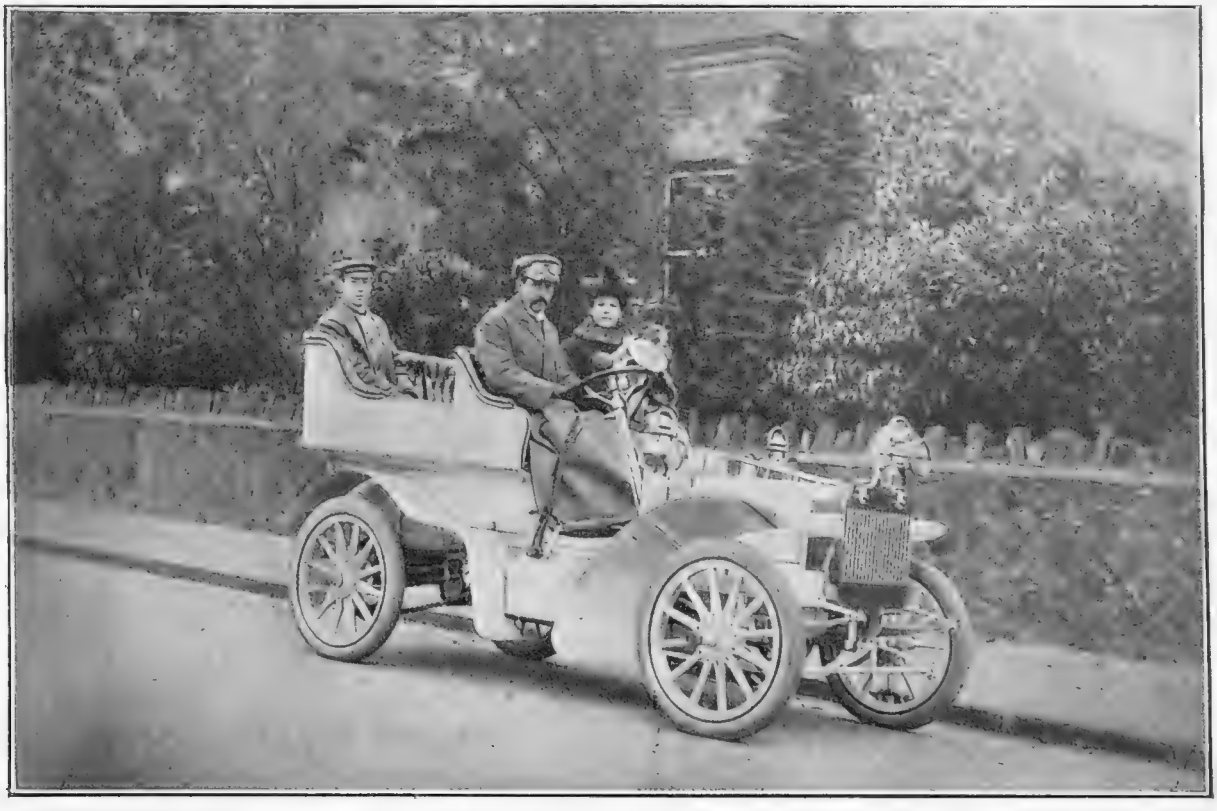
A Practical "Steamer"

The steam motor lorry appears to be coming into its own, and, from recent accounts, there are over 1,000 working in this country. One has been running in the service of a large firm of brewers from May, 1900, since when it

The Farman Company's Hopper Motor Bicycle, 2½ h.-p., with Water-cooled Engine; the First Seen in England

has covered 25,000 miles, and is now doing 200 miles a week in all weathers. Several are at work hauling heavy loads of dressed stone for use in the construction of the new War Office, and any true lover of horses who would like to observe how the noble animal *can* be relieved from the heaviest burdens, has only to step, any day, into Whitehall Place to see how huge loads can be easily and noiselessly manipulated.

Cylinder Position It has been noted by all observers that at the Show one of the most remarkable features was the undoubted resuscitation of the horizontal engine. On the Continent so slavishly do the manufacturers copy one another, and where everything, not only in fashions of dress, but also fashions of motor-cars, has to be *le dernier cri*, the horizontal type is practically extinct, but in this country we do not so regard machinery, and having in view the fact that the cylinder is not *yet* in an upright position on the ordinary locomotive, traction-engine, road roller, together with many stationary gas engines, it is evident that there is no absolute necessity for its being otherwise than on its side. In this position it



Mr. and Mrs. Pullman in their 15 h.-p. Dürkopp-Car

is far more easily lubricated, the oil being merely "drop fed" to the piston, and the crank not dipping into a bath of oil (which is the rough and ready method necessitated by the vertical arrangement) the *whole* of the important working parts are accessible and even visible. However, so long as the propellor shaft and bevel gear arrangement is "all the go," so long shall we have the vertical cylinder; but signs are not lacking that more makers than usual in this country are making strenuous efforts to get away from it.

Dürkopp

Little knowledge is sometimes said to be a dangerous thing, but perhaps it is better than no knowledge at all. The nearest motoring neighbour to my abode thought he would like to have a car, and after taking the best advice he could get (not mine however), bought a 10 h.-p. Dürkopp, and after running it for about a year was so pleased with it that he ordered their then latest production, the 15 h.-p. vehicle of 1903. He has run it now for about 1,600 miles, and in a letter to a friend of mine who is desirous of following his example, he gives it the strongest testimonial that I have ever yet seen from a perfectly disinterested standpoint regarding any motor-car. He has "never yet been stopped on the road from any trouble connected with engine gear, pump, or ignition causes," he has "never needed to put a spanner to any nut whatever," and it ran 1,000 miles without requiring any water added to the cooling system, after which it took a quart only, and is "altogether entirely satisfactory." It has three cylinders, and is both fast and quiet, and this particular specimen being all white, with crimson upholstery, is altogether a most stylish turn-out. I hope to refer to the Dürkopp again later on, and I cordially recommend this car, as it is one which I *really* know about.

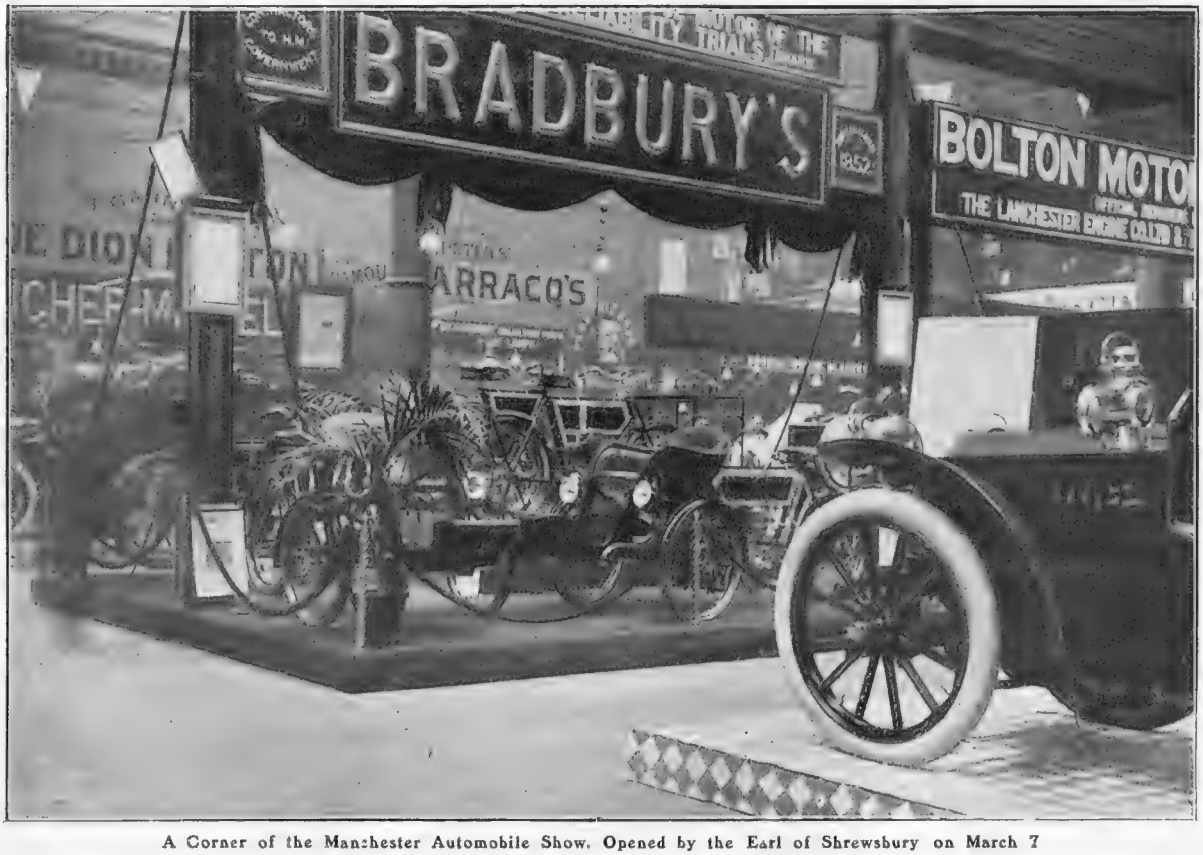
The "Other" Show

Cordingley's Show opened at the Agricultural Hall on the 19th inst., and as over three hundred exhibitors are showing their wares, it has attracted a great deal of attention, being so very much more easy of access than was the Crystal Palace. Some of the cars shown at the latter place are not in evidence at Islington, but this is no disadvantage, as we have of late been a little overdone with a few of the more largely advertised models, and desire to leave them alone for a season. The collection of motor vans and wagons is the largest yet assembled under one roof in any country; so, altogether, it is clearly indicated that all interested in self-propelled vehicles must take advantage of Messrs. Cordingley's pertinacity and hie them off to "Merrie Islington," where they will doubtless find much food for reflection.

Coachbuilders, Awake!

It is quite clear that British coachbuilders, as well as engineers, will have to wake up if they are to compete with the foreigner. If the Frenchman can turn out a good-looking body for £40, which is, moreover, quite comfortable to sit in, why should everyone wish to pay £80 for a similar article made in this country? Patriotism is a noble sentiment which actuates the whole of us; but it is a question if it extends to these financial flights. So long as there are so many rich patrons knocking at the coachbuilder's doors, so long will he give anyone else but scanty attention.

C. G. Matson.



A Corner of the Manchester Automobile Show, Opened by the Earl of Shrewsbury on March 7

A DAY'S HUNTING AT THE ROCK

"ROUGH GOING" WITH THE CALPE HOUNDS NEAR GIBRALTAR

(Sketched by Lieut. H. D. Collison Morley)

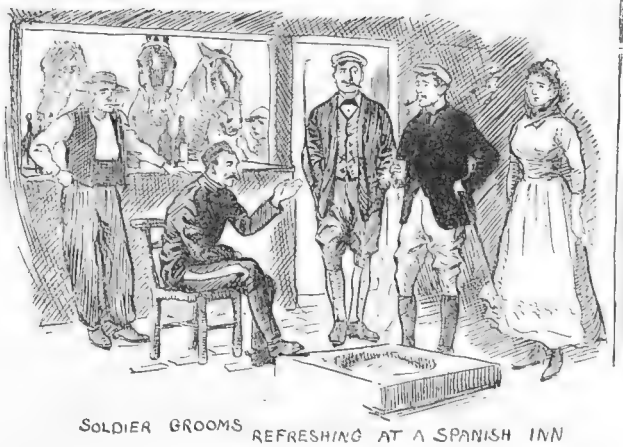
ON THE ROAD TO THE MEET
CROSSING THE NEUTRAL GROUND INTO SPANISH TERRITORY.

A PERILOUS MOMENT.

CALPE COUNTRY.

H.D. Collison-Morley
Gib 2 04

THRO' THE CORK WOODS



SOLDIER GROOMS REFRESHING AT A SPANISH INN

SHUT OUT.
WAITING FOR THE FORTRESS' KEYS

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Match Play in the Open Championship

My *ballon d'essai* in the shape of a suggested introduction of match play into the Open Championship has, I think, been floating long enough exposed to the missiles of its various critics, and it is time for me to take it down, examine the rents that may have been made in it, and fit it up for a further voyage of experiment. A great many of my critics do not appear to have done me the honour of reading what I wrote, and seem to think that I am advocating an entire abolition of the scoring test, and the substitution for it of the match game. I may have written many foolish things, but I have never been guilty of writing such nonsense as that. I purposely refrained from comparing the two systems of play. I may have my own decided view as to which method is the better and truer form of golf, but I am not going to quarrel with anyone who holds a view differing from mine.

Dual Nature of Golf

We have to recognise that golf alone among games, so far as I know, has this double method of settling a contest, by match play or by scoring. The Open Championship has always been decided by the latter, the Amateur Championship by the former method. You may often hear a man spoken of as a very fine scorer, but not a good match player, or *vice versâ*. We have only to go to Mr. Hilton's wonderful record for an excellent illustration of this. Mr. Hilton won the Open Championship in 1892 and 1897, but he did not succeed in winning the Amateur Championship until the year 1900. Now, if we adopt the views of Vardon, Taylor, Braid, and others, who have written to maintain that the scoring method is the best test of a golfer, we get the anomaly that in 1892 and 1897 the best golfer of the year could not defeat his fellow-amateurs in a tournament held under a system of match play. Although he was Open Champion under the one system, he was as yet lacking in certain qualities necessary for success under the other. The only player, among the amateurs, who has achieved this feat is Mr. John Ball, who was truly a champion golfer in 1890, when he won both championships. I am taking the only possible examples, as, of course, the professionals are debarred from entering the amateur event. But it is quite possible that, if you had had a second professional championship every year decided by match play, you would very probably have found that the winner of the scoring event would in many years not have been the winner of the match tournament. I am not urging the substitution of one method for the other; I am only endeavouring to fuse the two systems. It seems to me a self-evident proposition that a player who proves his superiority in both departments of the game is more completely and unquestionably champion than one who, as at present, only has to show excellence in the scoring game.

Recapitulation of Proposed Scheme

Let me recapitulate (for the benefit of those critics who have belaboured me for ideas which they have wrongly attributed to me) the suggestion originally made in THE BYSTANDER. The first day is to be devoted to two rounds of scoring, a pretty searching test, and one that was thought sufficient for deciding the Championship from its commencement till the year 1892. At the end of that day the players returning the sixteen best scores are to be drawn against one another to fight the battle out on a system of match play, each tie to consist of a match of thirty-six holes. This match-play part of the meeting would, therefore, take up four days. You require, then, five days at least for settling the Championship, if you select sixteen players, and I do not think you can take a less number. We have now to meet the possibility of ties occurring for the last place or places in the scoring competition on the first day. It is possible to avoid the necessity of giving an extra day for settling these ties, by deciding the matter on an eclectic system, applied to the scores of the last few holes; this system—which is very ingenious and has been suggested to me by a well-known Scottish player famous for his rowing as well as his golf—I should be happy to explain to the Committee of the Professional Golfers' Association, if they ever take up my main idea. But any details, such as the number of players to be selected at the end of the first day, and the method of deciding ties in the scores, would have to be settled by a joint body of professionals and amateurs. I certainly think that the player who heads the scoring competition on the first day should have a special prize allotted to him, and that all the sixteen players left in for the match tournament should each be certain of prizes according to their position.

Critics For and Against

So far, the majority of the professionals who have written to the Editor of *Golf Illustrated* are decidedly in favour of retaining the present method of deciding the Open Championship. Vardon, Taylor, Braid, Jack White, and Willie Aveston are all against me, while Herd gives me a half-hearted support. On my side I can count that fine old sportsman, Andrew Kirkaldy, noted as one of the finest match players living, and as one who has also proved his merits as a scorer by once tying with Willie Park for the Open Championship; and I have to thank that excellent player, C. Ralph Smith, for an admirable letter showing him to be as expert with the pen as he is with the club. I am leaving out of consideration the amateur critics, as this question is almost entirely one for decision by the professionals.

Objection of Luck in Match Play

Now the burden of the objection of the professionals to the plan is that the element of luck enters more largely into match play than into scoring. It seems to me that this objection is largely met by making every match consist of thirty-six holes. It is almost inconceivable that luck should enable an inferior player to beat a better man in a contest of thirty-six holes. Again, the scoring test of the first day would, presumably, leave in only the sixteen best players, so that there need not be much fear of an inferior player creeping in, and then, by a lucky draw, getting the best of the competition. The suggested method is really no novelty; it is in use at many meetings of professionals promoted by various clubs during the year, the latest, and perhaps most interesting, example being the *News of the World* tournament, held last year, at Sunningdale. After all is said and done, the original and true game of golf is the match game. The scoring game was invented as a method of enabling a large number of players to compete for a medal or prize in a given short space of time, such as one day or two days. The scoring game is no more really golf than punching the ball is boxing, or "kick-about" is football. As C. R. Smith sagely observes: "If two of the cracks were going to play for £100 would they play a stroke game, would they even dream of doing so, and yet why not, if that is the true test of golf?" But from long use and custom scoring has become a stereotyped form of the game, and its existence has, therefore to be recognised and legislated for. As I have already said, my purpose is not to bring the two systems into rivalry or to compare their merits; my one aim and object is to combine the two methods and make both of them the test of merit in the most important event in the domain of golf. Can it be possible that the great players who have so warmly signified their adhesion to the present system do not relish the idea of having to meet a dark horse in a match with the possibility of defeat lurking in the background? Naturally, if a great player fails to win the Open Championship under the present system, he can truly say that he owes his defeat to no man except himself; but he would be unable to use this method of excuse if he had to play a match against another less well-known man, and in a fair thirty-six hole contest got a thrashing. Finally, taking the analogy of almost every other form of sport where the result is decided by a contest or series of contests between man and man, it seems a vast pity that the great prize of golf should be decided solely by a system which almost entirely leaves out of count the personal equation, that psychological element which is such an interesting and vital part of the match game.

Photo by *Dixon*

Harry Vardon, Open Golf Champion

The Question of Expense

The question of extra expense entailed by the prolongation of the meeting could, I am sure, be easily met. Only sixteen players would need to stay more than one, or, at most, two days, and there would be no difficulty in providing for the extra expenses of those sixteen out of some central fund devoted to that purpose, and raised throughout the clubs of the country. A call for such a fund would meet with a ready response from nearly all golfers, as I feel convinced that the proposed change would immensely add to the interest now taken by players in the event. I trust that C. R. Smith may prove as ready with his tongue as with his pen, and that he will bring the match play question before the Professional Golfers' Association for discussion and decision by them. ERNEST LEHMANN.

CHAMPIONS AT THE POLO PONY SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL

The Radnorshire Polo Company's Gownboy, Champion Stallion

Mr. J. Barker's Three-year-old Bay, Silver Queen, Winner of the Society's Gold Medal for the Best Filly, and Challenge Cup for the Best Brood Mare or Filly

THE CLOSING HOCKEY SEASON: A RETROSPECT

Territorial and County Matches

The third week in March heralds the closure of the Hockey Season, as most clubs play on cricket fields, and very few are lucky enough to have the use of their grounds till April. Most players, if asked what had been the principal feature of this season's play, would undoubtedly reply "The weather"; and this opinion would be confirmed by nearly all the club secretaries, who, after waiting till the last moment, have been employed wiring or telephoning their teams, "Match cancelled. Ground under water." Of all winter games, hockey is the most susceptible to the influence of Jupiter Pluvius, and, as was exemplified in the North *v.* Midlands match at Birmingham, it is impossible to give a scientific exhibition of the game under conditions which would be more suitable for water polo.

The Territorial or Divisional matches have left the South with the best record, as they beat the North and the Midlands, and drew with the West. The Midlands beat the North and the West, but lost to the South; while the West drew with the South and lost to the Midlands. The North lost to both the Midlands and the South. The most popular of the Divisional matches has always been that between North and South, and this year's meeting between these teams at Surbiton proved no exception to the rule. The game was won by the Southern forwards, who combined much better than the Northern front line, and with S. H. Shoveller, the South centre, in his best form, the North backs were hard pressed during most of the first half. The second half went in favour of the North, and the play was not so uneven as the score (6 to 3 in favour of the South) seems to indicate.

Hockey is still free, and long may it remain so, from the influence of the gate-money fiend, and 300 spectators are regarded, in most districts, as a large gate for a county match, but much more interest has been evidenced in these matches by the players themselves. Without a County Championship, in which the leaders of the different districts would meet, the question of which is the strongest county must remain a debatable one, but, in view of their record, and their representation on the North team, Cheshire might perhaps fairly claim the honour.

One of the best omens for the future of the game is its increasing popularity at the Universities, and it may not be generally known that at the present time it has more votaries on the banks of the Cam and the Isis than any other sport, with the exception of rowing. The Inter-'Varsity match this year was won by Oxford by 1 to 0. Both elevens had good records, but the game was a very disappointing one, and, possibly from over-keenness, the play was of rather a scrambling character.

B. D. G.

Ladies' Hockey

On Saturday of this week Ireland play Scotland in Edinburgh, and with this match the season of ladies' hockey in the British Isles virtually comes to a close. Take it all round, it has been a good season, in spite of the weather, which has done its best to spoil many a good match; but the season has been a good one, inasmuch as it has proved the game to be more widely on the increase and more enthusiastically received than ever, not only as regards players, but spectators as well, as the international match at Richmond proved, when, in spite of the intense cold, nearly 3,000 people assembled to witness it.

The English team which has been so entirely successful, and the Scottish Eleven, which has made tremendous improvement, especially in the style of their play, were nearly all composed of new names. Wales, on the contrary, have made very few alterations in their last year's team, but have not done well. I am inclined to think the Welsh ladies do not take the game quite so seriously as their opponents, and are also guilty of the fatal mistake of going on to the field beaten. They played a poor game against Scotland; the ground was in an almost impossible condition, but at the same time the Scotch Eleven gained a considerable advantage, by making up their minds at the beginning to ignore that fact, splashing through rivers and seas of mud recklessly, which the Welsh ladies obviously hesitated to do. As to their match against Ireland, they were hopelessly beaten by ten goals to nil, the ball being very rarely over the Irish twenty-five line. In this case it was their entire lack of combination that proved their undoing, for each player appeared to be doing her best, and there was no apparently weak spot in the team.

The South have done best in the Territorial matches for the season with a record of no goals scored against them. The Midlands come next with two matches out of three, and with twelve goals to set against the six they have lost; whilst the North have but a poor report to show in the face of former years of victory, though it is undoubtedly in a great measure owing to the mistake of judgment which induced them to make their fixtures at such an early period of the season. The end of this week will see the county records also complete. At the present moment Warwickshire leads, with Cambridgeshire as second. Amongst the Southern counties Kent, who has been leading the best part of the season has unaccountably fallen from first to third place, and Sussex now heads the list. This fact makes the match to-morrow, when these two rival counties meet, full of interest, but it is quite possible that Kent may even yet gain the ascendancy and end the season as they really deserve—conquerors of the South.

I. G.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ASHORE AND AFLOAT

A Full Day's Sport

It is an attractive double bill which is being provided next Saturday for those who take an interest in University competitions—the boat race in the morning, and the sports in the afternoon. So unique an opportunity of witnessing, in one day, the battles of the Blues, is not likely to be missed.

Troubles on Both Sides

In the early stages of their training the rival crews confined their practice, as usual, to their respective rivers—the Isis and the Cam. The opinions of experts at that time pointed to a balance slightly in Oxford's favour. With the first visit to Henley, however, matters became less certain. Change followed change in the order and composition of the Dark Blues' crew. Nor were the Cantabs much more fortunate.

Remarkable Records

This year's boat race will always be associated with a record of events more or less remarkable. Both Universities have lost the services of their originally chosen presidents. J. Edwards-Moss, on the Cambridge side, and E. G. Monier-Williams, of the Oxonians, both withdrew on the same day—the one under the doctor's orders, and the other through an injury to his knee. There is, indeed, in both boats this year, quite a paucity of old blues.

From Running to Rowing

One recent alteration in the Oxford crew has caused satisfaction—the inclusion of R. W. Somers-Smith. This worthy son of a worthy sire (for Somers-Smith père was a great athlete in his day) bade fair to make a big name for himself on the running-path. But it was rowing on which he had set his mind. As he is now in the Oxford boat, his wishes have been gratified.

The Favourites for the Boat Race

There is no getting away from the fact that the Cantabs are easily first favourites. Their appearance at Putney was so pleasing to the critics; their form so regular, and their pace so promising, that the prophets, in City circles generally, and the Stock Exchange in particular, forthwith expressed the opinion that CAMBRIDGE must win.

And at Queen's

From the aquatic to the athletic scene of action is not a lengthy stride. No matter what may happen on the river, Cambridge seems certain to win on the path. But there may be a few surprises. Oxford is not quite so badly off for athletic talent as some folks suppose. The Dark Blues stand more than an outside chance in the Half-mile if the Oriel athlete, H. E. Holding, will only run his race aright. He gained ten yards on the Haileyburian, Cornwallis, in the last straight, when the latter won his University Half-mile in 1 min. 57 secs. Cornwallis was almost in a state of collapse, whereas Holding finished quite fresh, only four yards behind.

Two Close Contests

As the Cambridge President, H. W. Gregson (Christ's) has run half a mile in 1 min. 57½ sec., his selection for that distance, as well as for the Mile, was only natural. Holding, having been awarded his full blue will, presumably, run as first string in the Half against Gregson, and Cornwallis will oppose R. W. Barclay (Trinity College) in the Quarter. The Half and the Quarter should furnish the two closest contests of the day. If the Quarter goes to Oxford and the Half to Cambridge, the present writer will not be surprised.

The Odd Event

Now that the Inter-'Varsity programme consists of ten competitions, there is no chance of the match being won, either way, by the historical odd event, unless in one or other of the races or field events there be a tie. Such a result is rare. The Hundred may go to J. Churchill (C), the Quarter to Cornwallis (O), the Half to Gregson (C), the Mile to Welsh (C), the Hurdles to Teall (C), the High Jump to Leader (C), the Long Jump to Leach (O), the Hammer Throwing to Spicer (C), the Weight-putting to Lyttelton (C), and the Three Miles to A. R. Churchill (C). In selecting Welsh rather than Gregson for the Mile, the exertion of winning the Half previously is being borne in mind. Should these surmises be realised, history will have repeated itself to the extent of CAMBRIDGE winning, as in 1903, by eight events to two.

J. E. FOWLER-DIXON.

Leap Year

A REPLY

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have *lost* at all.

I'll be a brother to you, dear,
But not that tenderer, closer other;
I think I'll try some other year—
I'll be a brother

Courteous and gay, fondly sincere,
A kindly cousin, loving mother,
Changing from jolly to severe.
But husband, Nell, seems *borné*, drear,
Conventions all romances smother;
So, though you'll think it rather queer,
I'll be a brother.

E. M.

ATHLETICS: L.A.C. v. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

Won by the Cantabs by Six Events to Four

Taking the First Hurdle in the 120 Yards Hurdle Race, Won by F. H. Teall (Cambridge), in just under 17 secs.

The Long Jump Was Won by E. E. Paget-Tomlinson, of Cambridge (21 ft. 3½ ins.) S. Abrahams, whose Photograph we Give, Cleared 20 ft. 8 ins.

The High Jump Was Won in Splendid Style by G. Howard-Smith (L.A.C.), a Former Cambridge Man, who Cleared 5 ft. 11¾ ins.

The Play in London By "SNEER"

SIR FRETFUL: My dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours.—*The Critic.*

One of the last acts of the last London County Council, before its demise, was to adopt the report of its Theatres and Music Halls Committee on the subject of precautions against fire. It is the custom among actors and managers to scoff at the Council and its regulations, especially at the frequent changes in the latter. But this has never seemed to me to be just. The Council's fire regulations, on the whole, have been admirably thought out and have greatly increased the safety of London playhouses, and, if alterations in those regulations, usually in the direction of greater stringency, have been made somewhat frequently of late years, the fact need not distress the general public. It may, of course, annoy the manager, who has to spend money on the alterations enjoined. I believe it does. But, from the public point of view, any change in the direction of greater safety is welcome, and it is far more satisfactory that the Council should have the courage of its convictions, than that it should sanction unsafe structures for fear of being accused of too frequently altering its mind.

The new regulations are eminently reasonable, and will not, I think, be objected to even by the most hardened actor-manager. The most far-reaching of them all is that which deals with the treatment of scenery, costumes, and the stage itself, so as to render them non-flammable. For a long time science has shown us that this could be done with woodwork and materials of all kinds; and a commercial company, formed for the purpose of perfecting a system, recently announced the complete success of its efforts. Some of my readers, in fact, may have been present at the Alhambra, recently, when the management gave an exhibition on the stage of "non-flammable" scenery and fabrics. It will be remarked that at the end of the exhibition the manager clothed himself in a robe of flimsy material, and deliberately put a match to it. When it declined to burn we all felt sensibly relieved. For if it had——!

Anyhow, the process of treating woodwork, scenery, and costumes chemically, so that they will not burst into flame, is now perfected, and, that being so, there is no reason why it should not be made obligatory in all theatres and music halls in the metropolitan area. So thought the Council, and the new regulations enact accordingly. I understand that it is claimed by the inventors that the process which they have perfected does not interfere in any way with the colours of the fabrics subjected to it. Scenery and dresses so treated cannot be distinguished from those not treated. And the cost is said to represent an average addition of five per cent. only on the outlay. This is a mere trifle when one remarks the vast sums which managers seem prepared to expend on the most frivolous productions nowadays, and—to put it on the lowest ground—it will be far cheaper for them all, in the end, than a single great theatre fire would be. The recent disaster in Chicago, with its crushing effects on theatrical speculation throughout that city, and to some extent throughout America, must have cost the managers more money than making their scenery non-flammable would cost in a century.

Mr. George Edwardes wrote to one of the papers recently to protest against a complaint that had been made about one of his extra exits being padlocked on a certain evening. Of course what Mr. Edwardes should have done—and would have done if he had not been angry—was to be very much obliged to his informant for bringing the fact to his notice. The padlock should have been removed by an attendant. The attendant failed in his duty. Mr. Edwardes cannot have his eyes everywhere at once in his theatres, and of course he is only too glad when one of the Public takes the trouble to point out the misdeeds of his subordinates that he may at once correct them.

There was a curious example of the managerial view of extra exits in the case of His Majesty's recently. Someone had written to complain that he was not allowed to use one of the exits at that theatre on the ground that it was intended for emergency only. This brought a reply from the theatre, in a quite aggrieved tone, explaining that Mr. Tree did not allow this exit to be used, except in case of emergency, out of consideration for the public, as it debouched upon a street full of cabs and carriages waiting to "take up" after the performance, and might be a cause of accident to people using it! But why put your emergency exits (or one of them) in such a place that those people who use it are in danger of being run over? Why not, on the contrary, in planning your theatre see that your exits are one and all so placed that they can be used nightly without risk to anybody? That seems the common-sense thing to do.

The new regulations, then, seem to me excellent. They include, by the way, a clause forbidding standing or sitting in gangways. In fact they only raise one difficulty in my mind. Who is going to enforce them? Has the Council a sufficient number of inspectors? And are all the inspectors zealous and incorruptible and intelligent? I ask merely for information. I have no charge to bring against them. But I do know that it is far easier to make regulations than to get them enforced, in London theatres as elsewhere. There have long been rules about chairs in gangways and about all exits being available every evening, but they have hitherto been only fitfully carried out. And how are the inspectors to know whether scenery and "props" are non-flammable when we are expressly told that material so treated cannot be distinguished from material not so treated? Will they be at liberty to put a match to it? If so, and if by some sad chance the treatment has not been applied, what a blaze there will be!

The Slow March of Mars

Except for some few gory moments, the War still refuses to move with the speed needful in these days of endless evening editions. The posters, having served up the opening conflict in four or five different ways, have sunk to Strange Rumours and Rumours Denied. "Fall of Port Arthur" yields to "Reported Fall," which in turn makes room for "Has Port Arthur Fallen?" leading naturally to "The Fall Contradicted." On several mornings the British householder has found no news in his morning Daily. This will never do. What is the use of having a War Map to play with, if one may never move the flags? If the War refuses to hurry with the times, we shall have to give up talking of it, and start a discussion on, say, "Should Men Propose?"

Teutonic Wiles

The German motorist would seem to eclipse the British, so far as law evading is concerned. In Berlin, last week, the number of a too impetuous car was taken; but the virtuous owner of that number could prove an alibi for his maligned Panhard. Now note the subtlety: The scorchers, before starting, had replaced their own number by another. Here is material for a drama: the villain donning the hero's number and then slaying countless matrons with his car! This substitution is a clever notion; but, like Charity, it would fail if everybody were to practise it.

Slumpy Times

We have the slump: there is no doubt about it. Politicians are busily tracing it to various causes, according to their Party; but nobody denies the fact. Plays that, at other times, would have flourished, now succumb in a few evenings: and the faces of financiers are longer than their purses. Only the rankest of Aristocrats rejoice, hoping that the days of Plutocracy are numbered, and that Park Lane may yet pass back to the Peerage, after its tenancy by what they like to call the Steerage. Except for these enthusiasts, everybody seems absurdly depressed, and people are asking whether "hump" and "slump" spring from the same root. It is only one more proof of the value put on money and its attendant comfort in these sordid days. "Love in a Cottage" failed to attract people—even as a play.

A Why? Why? Speech

Lord Rosebery during the last week made a brilliant speech, and started two catch phrases. This is nothing new. There would be some cause for surprise if his speeches gave up being brilliant or if he ceased to originate such expressions as "Pretty Fanny," or "The Lonely Furrow." His Newcastle speech, if one may trust reporters, produced nearly fifty instances of "laughter" and "loud laughter," without a single case of the orator's worst tragedy, "a laugh." The expression, "a Who? Who? Government," called forth "prolonged laughter." Lord Rosebery must have been most entertaining—but so is Edmund Payne. His speech was magnificent; but was it politics? A little less ingenuity and humour, a bit more policy, would do no harm. The Newcastle effort strikes one as a Why? Why? speech.

"Old Irish"

The Gaelic revival is succeeding wonderfully, outside as well as inside of Parliament, and soon an Englishman will be as much abroad in Dublin as in Paris. Already Gaelic placards puzzle one's intellect, and shops announce themselves in unknown letters. Further, Dublin has just survived an Irish Language Week, and has lived through it cheerfully—with the thought, I suppose, that the restoration of Ireland's fine old Literature is worth some ordeals in the doing. The process is certainly painful to Angles. On my last visit to Dublin, I picked up a paper, and the first lines to meet my eyes struck me so forcibly that I have kept them: and here reproduce them, without the hieroglyphic headlines, which call for Gaelic type: "Teach laighean will be closed this evening on account of members assisting at Colum Wallace Aeridheacht in Rathmines. Plearacs on Thursday as usual." Mark Twain, in a recent BYSTANDER, told us how to read Italian. Could he not teach Dublin tourists how to fathom Gaelic?

A Story of a Stutterer

I heard a capital anecdote the other day, which, at the risk of its being a chestnut, I must retail. There is a well-known London journalist who has an unfortunate impediment of speech, and although he has tried all sorts of remedies, he cannot get over it. But some time ago, while telling a story to a certain London editor, he had occasion to imitate the Yankee twang, and did it to perfection, with never a stutter. Noticing this, the editor remarked on how fluently his friend could utter the Yankee speech, and asked him why he did not always "talk American." "I p-p-prefer t-t-to s-s-st-tutter," was the reply.

CLUBBITE.

The Connoisseur

PEWTER, OLD AND NEW

(First Part)

Where Frauds are Few

Among ten thousand sorts of artistic productions which are cunningly copied and reproduced for the misleading and undoing of the unwary collector, old pewter, although certainly not sacred and untouched, is, we believe, sufficiently caviaré to the general to have avoided much imitation. In this it is unlike its more interesting neighbour, Sheffield plate, which has been a great sufferer at the hands of the forger. It seems to us that the modern work has none of the original appearance, although the reproductions which are now being made with intent to deceive will be extremely difficult to distinguish when Time has worked his will upon them. To us the hard, tough, but easily fusible, alloy now in use appears quite unlike the antique pewter, in which copper or antimony sometimes took the place of lead. Even without the carefully collected Pewterers' Marks or Touches which the enthusiasm of a few experts, such as Mr. H. J. L. J. Massé and Mr. William Redman, has given us, it would, we think, be an indifferent observer who could mistake one for the other. This simple fact makes pewter well worth study and pursuit. For those about to embark on this kind of collection there is no better introduction to the subject than Mr. Redman's excellent work, "Marks on Old Pewter and Sheffield Plate," which gives, in a succinct form, the history of this sort of work, and many good examples of a style of production which occasionally, and only occasionally, rose to the dignity of an art. Mr. Redman says that when he first became interested in the matter he was unable, for some months, to find a printed article of any kind relating to old pewter, except a few lines in one or two encyclopædias. He has altered all that, and collected, within the limits of his convenient volume, no small quantity of information. Here are, in effect, a few among his facts and *dicta*.

Some Pewter from the Collection of William Redman, Esq.

(From Mr. Redman's "Marks on Old Pewter and Sheffield Plate")

ESTABLISHED 1780.

ERARD

PIANOS.

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Yours truly,
HARRY VARDON.

To Messrs. Dege & Skinner.

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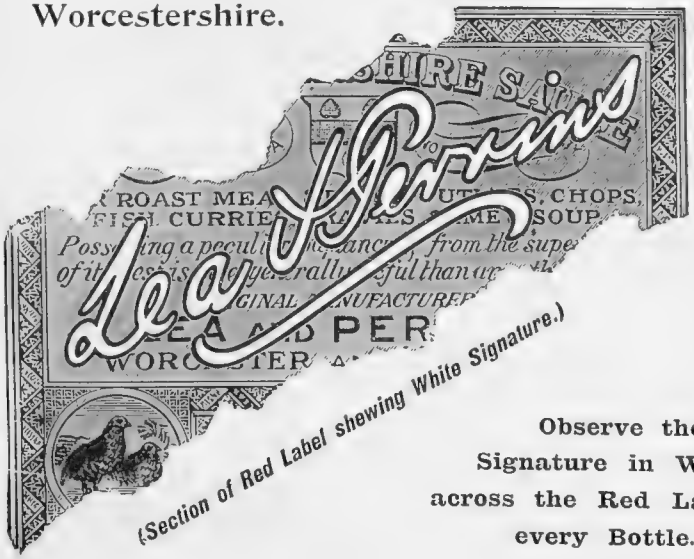

(Section of Red Label shewing White Signature.)

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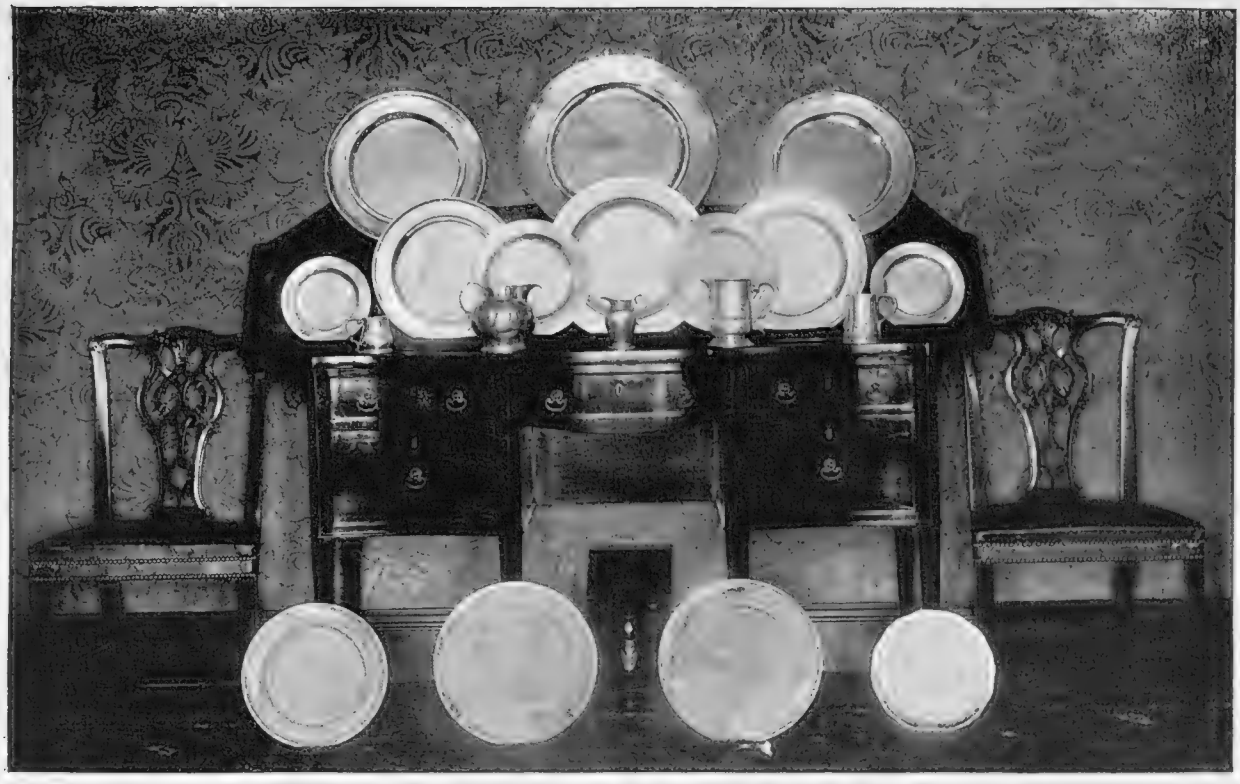

Fourteen Fine Old Pewter Plates (In the Collection of G. H. Renton, Esq.)
(From Mr. Redman's "Marks on Old Pewter and Sheffield Plate

An Expert's Researches

English pewter goes back to the tenth century. Edward I., in 1288, possessed many dishes, platters, and salt-cellars. In China, pewter was wrought nearly 2,000 years ago. In this country and in Japan we have specimens over a thousand years old, all of which are similar in quality, being a mixture of tin and lead. In the fourteenth century pewter was hired much as silver plate is borrowed from Gunters' to-day. In the next century well-to-do people bought their own porringers and so forth. The democracy was beginning; blacksmiths and joiners had pewter plates of their own. In 1615 Lord Northampton's kitchen was furnished with more than 300 lb. weight of this material. Wood was being abandoned. The use of pewter for domestic purposes commenced in the palaces of kings, popes, and bishops; in Paris, it was first ordered to be stamped during the reign of Louis XIII., long after our Act on the subject. The most remarkable piece of English pewter is said to be the salver at South Kensington, of which Mr. Redman gives an excellent photograph. This piece is of Charles II.'s time, and is said to have been given by a member of the Royal family to Lord Onslow in 1756. After reading Mr. Redman's interesting collection of notes, the neophyte of pewter will desire to become still more learned in the subtleties of the subject. This he can readily do, as just now there is a very representative collection of old pewter on view at Clifford's Inn Hall, in Fleet Street, where Mr. Massé is at the same time lecturing on the history, the manufacture, and the decoration of the metal. And then, again, if the student would care to carry his studies a little further still and watch the renaissance of this work in our day, there is the exhibition of what is called Modern Celtic Art at the Grafton Gallery. Here are many examples of excellent designs in pewter: new, but absolutely simple, decorative and satisfying. The most convincing utilitarian claim put forward for the use of pewter is that the metal, as now compounded, is almost untarnishable even in the sulphur-freighted atmosphere of our big cities. It is also very easily handled and adapted to fine designs.

Simplex Munditiis

The governing motive of the designers of these examples of new pewter appears to be delicacy of pattern and a wise reticence in regard to ornament. The result is completely satisfactory, except that we harbour an old-fashioned regret that so much skill should be used upon a metal of no intrinsic value.

A Characteristic Group

To this interesting development of the pewterer's craft we hope to return later. The first illustration which we give from Mr. Redman's book is part of the author's collection, and is fairly characteristic of the harvest likely to come to those who cultivate old pewter as a hobby. The second illustration, from the same book, shows some fine plates and jugs collected by Mr. Renton, and gives an admirable idea of the decorative value of pewter in conjunction with eighteenth century furniture, and demonstrates, we fear, that, however estimable in itself, it is matter somewhat out of place when combined with Sheraton and Chippendale. It requires the rather barbaric style of kitchen dresser often employed, or the crude old oak of mediæval times.

E.M.

(To be continued.)

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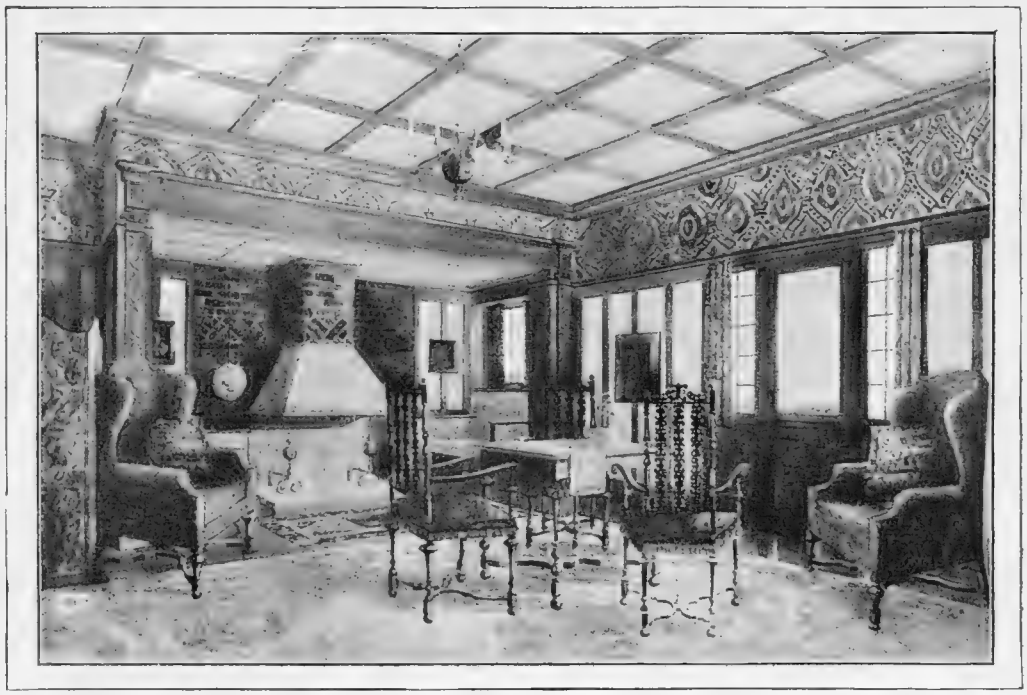

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The fashions of to-day are delightful, and those of the day after to-morrow will, without a shadow of doubt, be even more delightful. "It's going to be a dressmaker's season" is the catch phrase of the moment, but why grudge the couturières an innings when they have so successfully opened up the road to universal beauty?

The woman who cannot claim close relationship with the Goddess Charm in this year of grace is past praying for!

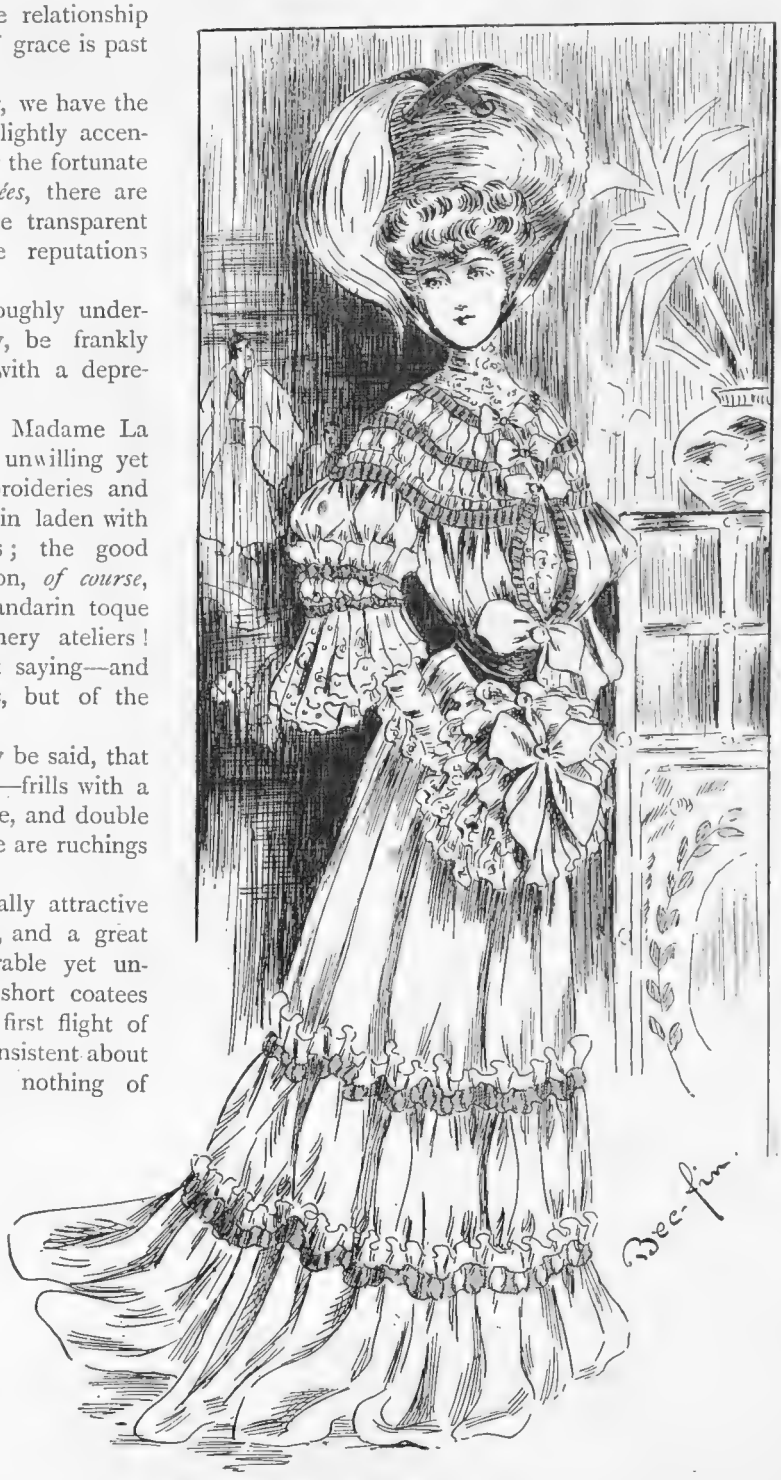
For round, baby faces and fluffy hair, we have the quaint modes of "1830"—modified or slightly accentuated according to individual taste; for the fortunate daughters of Eve who are *bien cambrées*, there are Princess robes partially veiled in those transparent draperies that made—or marred—the reputations of "Les Merveilleuses!"

In very truth, the woman who thoroughly understands her own "points" can, to-day, be frankly Diréctoire, or tentatively "1830," or—with a deprecatory shrug—un peu Chinoise!

The Yellow Peril is kowtowing to Madame La Mode, and spreading out before her unwilling yet attentive eyes lengths of gorgeous embroideries and strangely fashioned wraps of saffron satin laden with gold and silver and precious stones; the good Parisienne turns aside from temptation, *of course*, and yet—yet, one *does* encounter a Mandarin toque or two, in the most exclusive millinery ateliers! Smothered in lace—that goes without saying—and decked with roses or waxen camellias, but of the genre Chinois none the less!

On the new models, it may truthfully be said, that of frilling and quilling there is no end—frills with a corded edge, frills with a "pinked" edge, and double frills; and where there are no frills there are ruchings and funny little old-world puffings.

Paquin has lately made some specially attractive gowns for Berthe Bady, of the Odéon, and a great many women of thirty-five—that desirable yet uncertain age—will rejoice to know that short coatees of taffetas or chiffon velours are in the first flight of Fashion's race; though rumour is very insistent about the revival of tight sleeves we see nothing of them on coatees or driving wraps, on the contrary the puffs that cover the arms from shoulder to elbow are simply enormous. The taffetas paletot — reaching a few inches below the waist—that Bady wears in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is chic as possible, and yet so simple that it could be copied by a clever home dressmaker; very full, and edged all round the hem with a gathered frill, it has a curious little cape-collar which is fashioned at the back, somewhat after the manner of a hood. The large sleeves reach only to the elbow, and many yards of the finest point de Venise fall over the lower portion of the arms, while volants of the same lace finish off the hood in front. If this particular model was copied in white viyella and trimmed with Indian muslin and valenciennes it would make an ideal *dressing jacket!* Nevertheless, in taffetas and Venise,



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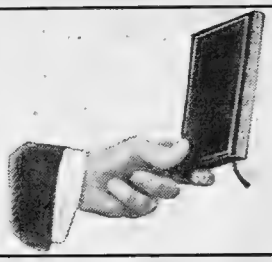

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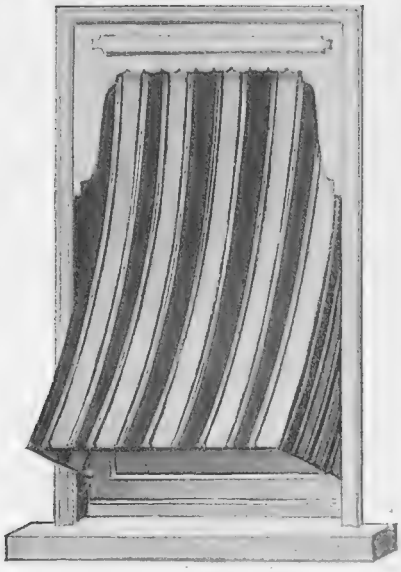

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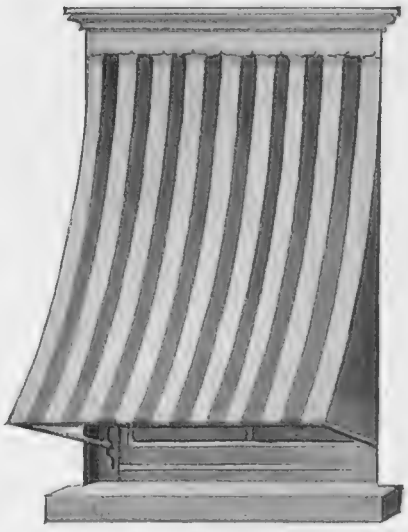

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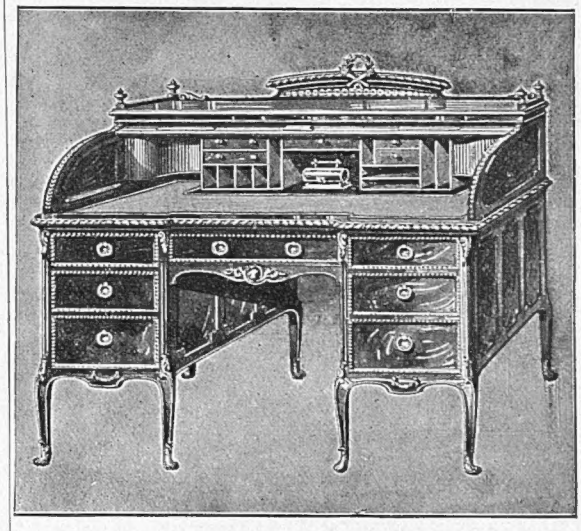

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Some of the big couturières are trying to sneer down the claims of foulard and printed Japanese silk, but these dainty fabrics will be in our midst, most surely, when the tender green buds break through their sombre shields; foulard is essentially a spring material—clean, crisp, light of texture, and subtly unpretending as a débutante's ball frock created by an artist of temperament!

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At this season it is risky to speak with semblance of certainty on millinery subjects, but the Diréctoire capeline is making steady progress hand in hand with the "1830" coal-scuttle.

Later on, when the warm days are once more with us, we shall see a revival of flop Tuscans, lined with fine black chip more often than not, and trimmed with draperies of embroidered mousseline de soie and crêpe de chine inset with motifs of priceless old laces; with these picturesque hats—and, indeed, with many of the capelines—immense choux des oreilles will be worn and strings measuring a couple of yards in length.

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